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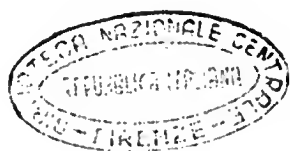


POEMS.

Mr & Mrs C. Corcoran Clarke
with all good wishes
from P O E M S. The Author

BY

W. C. BENNETT.



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TO
MISS MITFORD,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP HE PRIZES AS MUCH AS HE ADMIRES HER GENIUS,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

W. C. BENNETT.

CROOM'S HILL GROVE, GREENWICH,
October, 1850.

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 ERRATUM.

Page 182, line 1, *for* "Come out, come from cities," *read* "Come out.
come out from cities."

POEMS.

SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO. 1-

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

A BROAD stream, smooth with deep-grassed fields,
Through rushy turnings winding slow ;
A dam where stirless waters sleep
Till shot on the mossed wheel below ;
A dusty mill whose shadows fall
On the stayed waters, white o'er all.

A vine-climbed cottage, redly-tiled,
Deep-nooked within an orchard's green,
Past which a white road winds away,
That hedgerow elms from summer screen ;
A busy wheel's near sound that tells
Within, the thriving miller dwells.

B

A cottage parlour, neatly gay,
With little comforts brightened round,
Where simple ornaments that speak
Of more than country taste abound,
Where bookcase and piano well
Of more than village polish tell.

A bluff blunt miller, well to do ;
Of broad loud laugh—not hard to please ;
A kindly housewife, keen and sage—
And busy as her very bees ;
A bright-eyed daughter—mirth and health,
Their pride—their wealth above all wealth.

A tripping fair light-hearted girl
Not yet the ripened woman quite,
Whose cheerful mirth and thoughtful love
Light up the cottage with delight
And with a thousand gentle ways
With pleasure brim her parents' days.

A titled slip of lordly blood,
A few weeks' lounge at the Hall,
To gain new zest for palled delights

And squandered waste of health recall ;
 An angler in the milldam's water ;
 A chatter with the miller's daughter.

A meeting 'neath a summer's night ;
 Soft smiles—low words—impassioned sighs ;
 The trembling clasp of meeting hands ;
 The hot gaze met with downcast eyes ;
 Foul perjuries that pollute the air,
 With burning hopes and doubts heard there.

A thin pale face, where Autumn sees
 No more the smiles that lit the Spring ;
 A foot less light upon the stair ;
 A low voice heard no more to sing ;
 One now that lost to all things sits,
 Now starts to overmirth by fits.

Dear tongues that ask a gasping girl
 Of what to utter were to kill ;
 Looks that she feels upon her fixed ;
 Eyes that with tears pursue her still ;
 Care in the old accustomed place
 Of mirth, upon her father's face.

A dark small whitely-curtained room ;
A form flung on the unopened bed ;
Quick sobs that quiver through the gloom ;
Tears rained from hot eyes swollen and red,
And words that through their wild despair
Still strive to shape themselves to prayer.

A winter midnight's starry gloom ;
A pausing tread so light that steals
Across the landing—down the stairs,
That scarce a creak a step reveals ;
A stifled sob—a bolt undrawn ;
A form—low words—a daughter gone.

A fresh-turfed narrow hoop-bound grave,
Heaping a country churchyard's green,
On whose white headstone, newly carved,
The mill's old master's name is seen,
The wayside mill's that bears no more
The well-known name so long it bore.

A stooping woman scarcely old,
Yet with the feeble walk of age,
The dull faint sense of whose blank mind

No thing around her can engage,
Yet who, when into speech beguiled,
Will mutter of some absent child.

A costly-furnished west-end room,
Whose mirrors—pictures—all things show
A stintless and abounding wealth,
An easeful luxury few can know
A flaunting thing its glare within ;
A thing of shame, remorse and sin.

A noise of quarrel ; keen reproach,
Fronted with taunt, loud oath and curse,
Heaped out with such vile store of scorn
That hate in vain might seek for worse ;
Meek pleadings, stricken to a close
With, shame to manhood ! brutal blows.

A thing that once was woman ; white,
Thin—haggard—hollow-eyed and wan ;
A horror that the shuddering eye
Starts back aghast from resting on,
Whose only joy now left is drink
Whose fire burns out the power to think.

A bridge all winter ; keen with gusts ;
On whose cold pathways lies the night ;
Stony and desolate and dark,
Save round the gaslamps' flickering light,
And swept by drifts of icy sleet
That numb each houseless wretch they meet.

A wintry river broad and black
That through dark arches slides along,
Ringed where the gaslights on it play
With coiling eddies swirling strong,
That far below the dizzy height
Of the dark bridge swim through the night.

A crouching form that through the gloom
Paces its stones a hundred times,
That pausing—glancing keenly round,
The dark high balustrade upclimbs ;
A plunge—a shriek ; from all its woes
A weary soul hath calm repose.

A long bright suite of stately rooms,
Where to soft music's changeful swell,
Keeps time the beat of falling feet,

And all things but of pleasure tell,
Where partner gay of noblest hands,
The suicide's seducer stands.

A DIRGE.

A CONCLUSION TO "SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO."

—♦—
HERE let never wild winds rave ;
 Winter howl not o'er her tomb ;
Only come anigh this grave,
 Summer shade and gentle gloom,
And round it ever soft low winds keep moan,
 And sobs flow by,
 And faint airs sigh,
Sad murmurs of the fading year alone ;
 Low we laid her, cold and pale,
 Whiter than her folding shroud,
With a grief not told aloud,
 Sudden sob and smothered wail ;
 Withered violets tell her tale,

Tender blooms, the gleam swift lost,
The fleeting breath
Of early Spring tempts forth to blighting frost
And icy death.
Unoped lilies o'er her tomb
Strew—
Primroses—the purple bloom
Of hyacinths and faint perfume
Of every frailest star that peeps the April through ;
Fair she was and sweet as they,
With azure laugh within her eyes
That tears and sadness gleamed away,
A thing we said unmade for sighs,
Till, woe, love came ;
Oh, tears, that love, life's best of worth,
Love, joy of the rejoicing earth,
Her days should claim
From girlhood's mirths and careless sports and gay
Light-hearted laughs and low-breathed prayers away,
For gaze-drooped shame,
For sobs and death—the cold, still tomb's decay,
An unbreathed name.
Yet ever in our thought she lies
A memory all reproof above,

On whom reproach turns not its eyes,
But only love,
Love with a misty gaze of gathering tears,
That no accusing word of chiding memory hears.
But unto HIM
Comes she not in the watches of the night,
The chamber's gloom,
Thronging the dim
And spectral room
With wan, felt presence, that the shuddering sight
Aches out upon through the dim taper's light,
Till cold damps start
On his dank forehead and through his keen ears
Throng palpable the utterings of his fears,
And, ghastly fright
Scourging his spotted soul, again he hears
In the old tones that the remembered years
Thrilled with delight,
The grave-closed sorrow of her tale of tears ;
Such wages win
The accursed sin,
The serpent sin that on her pureness stole,
Sliming its track across her spotless soul,
Poisoning to ill the holy peace within ;

Yet there is rest for all,
Sleep for the weariest eyes :
In peace she quiet lies
Where chequered shadows fall
Across her low-heaped grave,
Where the wild winds in grief forget to rave,
And ever the loud gusts of winter blow
In moanings low,
Wailing for her our sorrow might not save.
The hueless rose,
The pallid lily plant upon her tomb,
So shall their vestal glory light its gloom,
Its shadowing gloom, with the pure gleam of snows,
And their white beauty shall the summer show
Our weeping love for her who sleeps below.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness ; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise ;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness ;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness ;
Happy smiles and wailing cries ;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes ;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept Autumn corn ;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion ;
Catchings up of legs and arms ;
Throwings back and small alarms ;
Clutching fingers ; straightening jerks ;
Twining feet whose each toe works ;
Kickings up and straining risings :

Mother's ever new surprisings ;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under ;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings ;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning ;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses ;
Graspings small at all that passes ;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table ;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations ;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches ;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing ;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings ;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking ;
Wealth for which we know no measure ;
Pleasure high above all pleasure ;
Gladness brimming over gladness ;

Joy in care ; delight in sadness ;
• Loveliness beyond completeness ;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness ;
Beauty all that beauty may be ;—
That's May Bennett ; that's my baby.

THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and bound and song,
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room ;
Frost on the pane,—without, the whirling snow ;
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past and griefs of long ago.

SONG.

OPE, folded rose ;
Longs for thy beauty the expectant air ;
Longs every silken breeze that round thee blows ;
The watching summer longs to vaunt thee fair ;
Ope, folded rose.

Ope, folded rose ;
The memory of thy glory lit the gloom,
The dull gray gloom of winter and its snows ;
Oh, dream of summer in the fire-lit room,
Ope, folded rose.

Ope, folded rose ;
The thrush hath stilled the rustling elm with song ;
The cuckoo's call through shadowy woodlands goes ;
May is the morn ; why lingerest thou so long ?
Ope, folded rose.

THE EXECUTION,
AND HOW IT EDIFIED THE BEHOLDERS.

A Sketch.

HE staggered on upon the drop ; oh, who that saw his
look
Can forget it, as his place beneath the gallows first he
took,
Can forget the deadly shivering that shook him when
his eye
First rested on the heaving crowd agape to see him die,
On the mass of upturned faces that had waited hours
below
And cursed the sluggish jail clock whose minutes crept
so slow,
Though brutal jokes and laughter were bandied fast
about
To serve to pass the time away until he was brought out,
Yet spite of slang and merriment and choice St. Giles's
wit,

Of guesses how the dead man's clothes the hangman's
form would fit ;
Though through the crowd from time to time the roar
of laughter ran
As puns upon the dangling rope were tossed from man
to man ;
Though still fresh source of pleasure high for ever new
was found
In the murderer's words and doings that from mouth
to mouth went round,
And still, with offered bets and oaths, his best admirers
stuck
To their calm reliance on him that he'd die with
honour—pluck ;
Though now and then some minutes yet more jollily
were spent
In laughing down some milksop fool who hoped he
would repent ;
Though Turpin's rides and Sheppard's feats, rehearsed
with pride and glee,
Taught young aspirers to *their* fame how great they
yet might be ;
Though now a pocket picked—a row—a women's fight,
or so,

Served to keep the crowd in humour, still the time was
damned as slow,
And when before their straining eyes the dead man
staggered there,
With shouts and yells of gladness they tore the
shuddering air ;
A thousand tongues took up the roar—a thousand
rolled it wide ;
Ten times it sank and rose again flung back from side
to side ;
Then silence fell upon the crowd—a hush as of the
dead ;
You might hear the platform creaking beneath the
hangman's tread ;
You might hear the paper's rustle where the painter's
hand would try
To seize a fine convulsion—a striking agony ;
You might catch the poet's mutter of his rhymes in
murmurs faint
As he strove in taking measure the wretch's fear to
paint ;
Of one reporter's pencil a scratch you might not lose,
As smiling he his tablets gave a crownsworth good of
news ;

Still on the glaring multitude unbroken stillness lay
Till with a shriek for mercy the felon tried to pray,
Then suddenly from out the crowd burst up a scoffing
yell,
Their scorn of this, his utter lack of manly pluck to
tell,
Nor ceased it when the quivering wretch first felt the
hangman's touch
And swooned from out his agony, for nature's strength
too much,
But fiercer rose the mingling roar of curse and yell
bestowed
Upon the craven dastard who so poor a spirit showed,
And gin-shop pals and jail-birds who had looked with
pleasant pride
To see how to the very last the law he still defied,
Who'd boasted how with bow polite the cheering
crowd he'd greet,
And how his friend, the hangman, with jeer and jest
he'd meet,
That high in gallows' annals would live his honoured
name,
A spur to all who'd tread his steps, like him, to finish
—game,

Now cursing deep his agony and mocking his
despair

The fiercest yelled—the thickest filled with howls the
reeling air ;

Nor many a damn and many an oath, to roar were
hundreds slow

'Gainst him whose chickenheartedness stole from them
half the show,

Ay, hundreds swore 'twas cursed hard that out of half
the fun

They'd waited there five hours for, at last they should
be done ;

And women who 'd for windows paid, were sure 'twas
never right

They should turn the man off fainting and spoil their
paid-for sight ;

But through the ghastly hell of sound—of curse and
howl and yell,

The hangman lifts the senseless wretch from where he
fainting fell,

And down the clammy forehead—and down the ashen
face,

The cap is drawn, the tightened noose is settled in its
place ;

Now God have mercy upon him upon whom men have
none !

A swinging form—a quivering corpse—a stillness—all
is done ;

A minute more, the sunshine is merry once again
With the buzz of talk and laughing of those who still
remain,

With the settling by noisy knots of idlers through the
street,

Of which shall be the gin-shop to finish off the treat ;
Some, deep in plans of crimes to do, are lounging off
to find

Fresh gallows' food, to virtue, to awe the public mind,
And lovers of the good old times and gibbet walk off
loud

In praises of the moral good the hanging's done the
crowd.

THE TRIUMPH FOR SALAMIS.

*The Seashore of Attica opposite Salamis Two Choruses, one of Athenian
Youths, the other of Athenian Virgins, circling the trophy.*

BOTH CHORUSES.

Joy, Athene—let thy hymns,
Tempest-voiced, exulting rise,
Virgin choirs and bounding youths
Shout thy triumphs to the skies ;
Good is of the mighty Gods ;
Mortals it becometh well
All their joy and thankful praise
Thus in holy songs to tell.
Shout we then a song of gladness
Unto earth and sky and sea ;
To the eternal ones our praises
Hymn we—red from victory.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Hark—the measured tramp
Of armed feet I hear ;
Comes the billowy toss of crests,
The gleam of many a spear.

Hark !

Through the gorges of Taurus
The countless hosts pour ;
Lo, Sardis hath feasted
And rolled on the war ;
Over Helle's bridged billows
The horror accurst,
Over Thrace's fierce borders
The tempest hath burst ;
Through wild Macedonia
The deluge hath swept,
And trampled Pieria
Its ravage hath wept ;
Base terror Bœotia
And Argolis know ;
Thessalia is swelling
The hosts of the foe ;

Shakes the earth with their tramp ;
With their oars foams the sea ;
Yet dareth Athene
To boast her the free ?

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Woe—woe, Athene, woe !
Crouched for his spring comes stealing on the foe ;
Wrath's red right arm is lifted up to slay ;
Who save the Gods its threatening fall may stay,
Who save the gracious Gods may shield thee from the
blow ?

Woe—woe, Athene, woe !
Hark ! it comes—the storm of war,
Clang of mail and clash of spear,
Swelling on with deepening roar ;
Fear behind—before it fear ;
Lo ! the brazen waves of shields,
Surge on surge, along they pour ;
Blazing towns and ruined fields
Groan the march of Asia's war ;
There the chariots' thunder 's rolled ;

Crested Media's spears are there ;
There the Persians' helms of gold
Throng with dread the trembling air.
From the glare of Afric's sands,
Far to farthest India's coasts,
Swarm the tongues of myriad lands,
Mingling in the mighty hosts ;
Far from reedy Oxus' tide,
Wandering Scythia's tribes have come ;
Hosts of Thebes—the Nile's great pride,
Swell the unnumbered nations' hum.
And he whom all obey,
High on yon ivory car
Whose gems burn back the fiery glare of day,
He comes—the Great King—like to Gods in sway ;
Who—who shall dare his onward road to bar,
Who from his wrath shall shield his destined prey ?
Woe—woe, Athene, woe !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Yet this unto the wise is known,
Who loftiest stand are marked to fall ;

The envious thrones of Heaven for ruin single all
Whose mortal state has quaffed unmingled good
alone.

Lo, blown with swelling pride,
Unknowing aught of ill,
Along the current of their life they ride
Exultant—blind to what the breakers hide,
Till dashed upon the rocks, with awe the wise
they fill,
Telling how mortal good with ill is mingled still.

So should the prosperous tread
Their way with trembling dread
Nor with insensate pride
Misfortune dare deride,
Beyond whose hate are none except the untroubled
dead.

Shall he then 'scape whom power hath taught,
Insane beyond the flight of thought,
To hurl his insults 'gainst the throned Gods ?
O'er him the Thunderer nods
Ruin, and on his state
Shame and destruction wait,
And swift he headlong falls, the mock of vengeful
fate.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ah, thrice unhappy we,
Wretches to whom 'twas given
To writhe beneath the heaviest doom of fate!
Land of our birth, to see
Thy dwellers from thee driven,
Thy pleasant homes in flames—thy cities desolate,
Sounding the strangers' tread—prey of the strangers'
hate;
O miserable day
That tore our grief away
From the green sun-bathed haunts where we no more
might dwell!
O Earth!—O Heaven! ye saw,
With woe and shuddering awe,
Temple and shrine crash down, loved of the Gods so
well.
Where's now each murmuring grove
Through whose dim shadowy depths the wood-dove's
wail
Stole softly clear,
Where our young feet so long had loved to rove

What time the plaint of the lorn nightingale
Through the hushed night to hear,
The floating moon paused 'mid her radiance pale !
In vain—in vain
The swallow seeks the well-known nested eaves ;
The happy homestead, hid in sheltering leaves,
No foot shall tread again ;
Where green it stood but ashes heaped remain.
Hewn are the fruitful trees ;
The bunched vines upturned ;
In fields that plenty heaped, sits want forlorn,
And naught around but desolation sees ;
Mourn—mourn, Athene, mourn !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Hence afar be sadness,
Thought of woe and pain ;
Thrilled be all with gladness ;
Joy be every strain ;
What though, accursed of God,
The fell barbarian trod,
Unsparing, hill and plain,

Loosed was the fury on his track ;
His bloody due he might not lack ;
Triumph and vengeance unto us remain.
Joy—joy exultant swells
The laurelled hymn that tells
The wonders of our might ;
Trumpet-voiced, it burns to shout
Vaunting Asia's hideous rout
And Salamis' red fight.
Io Pæan—on they sweep ;
Foams with wrath the angry deep
Beneath their flashing oars ;
Io Pæan—fierce the song
Bursts our gallies' ranks along ;
Loud Io Pæan, shout the fierce exulting shores.
Swift, brazen beaks on beaks
Dash roaring and with shrieks
And wreck and gurgling groans, the war reels to and fro ;
By the strong swoop of Tyre,
'Neath fierce Athene's ire,
How many a spear-thronged bark is hurled the waves
below!
Hark—bathed in slaughter, where
Swart Ares fires the air

And hungering still to slay, grim, thunders through
the roar ;

And see not human eyes

Your more than mortal size,

Ye sprung of ancient Telamon, amid the hurtling war?

Thou sea beneath us spread,

Flesh-gorged, with victory red,

How burden we your waves with heaps of ghastly slain !

Buckler and helm of gold,

How are they plunging rolled

Adown thy stormy depths, O ever-sounding main !

Io Pæan—on their prey

Loosed are the avengers now,

Choking gory gulf and bay

With broken oar and shattered prow ;

Wedge within the crowded strait,

Crushed, the foe but strive to fly ;

Victims bound, their doom they wait ;

'Mid the slaughtered press they die.

Swarthy Egypt's courage pales ;

Purpled Sidon turns to flight ;

With flying Caria's pirate sails

Far the ploughed Ægean's white.

Ha—heard we not them say,

Vaunt of their boastful tales,
Hellas' free strength their hands should prostrate lay,
Athene should the tyrant's breath obey?
Lo,—soon their purpose fails.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Let there be weeping and a sound of woe,
Of wailing and despair;
Rending of robes—in dust a crouching low;
A scattering of bright hair.
How many in the bloom of youth we saw,
In manhood's golden prime,
Go forth, whose noble forms we see no more,
Death-stricken ere their time!
The ears of those who loved them pine in vain
To drink their stately tread;
No footfall from them shall be heard again;
Low lies each dear-loved head.
The god-like, where are they who bounded by,
The shapes whose golden hair,
Like young Apollo's, the soft breeze on high
With joy uplifted? where?

They come not back whom we had looked to see
 High o'er the mighty throng,
Proud conquerors in the holy games, with glee
 And triumph borne along.
With linked dance and song and flashing torch,
 The veiled bride we thought
For them through flower-strewn streets—through each
 white porch
 With shouting should be brought.
The daughters of Athene who shall tell
 Of their untimely fall,
So well beloved by those they loved so well,
 For ever lost to all !
How will they rend their braided hair with shrieks !
 For them no Phrygian flute
By Samian virgin touched, of nuptials speaks ;
 For them the hymn is mute.
Up to the unpeopled heavens let shrieks ascend,
 The cry of ceaseless woe ;
Beat your white breasts — your cherished tresses
 rend ;
 Weep—in the dust lie low.
No more Ilissus by thy mazy stream,
 By green Cephissus' side,

More fair than forms that haunt the maiden's
dream,

Shall bound Athene's pride ;
The river nymphs in many a sparry grot,
In many a dewy cave,
Swell their bright streams with tears for their sad lot
Whose limbs they loved to lave.

Dumb be the voice of love, that voice so sweet ;
The tongue of joy be mute ;
Let, through the dance, no snowy tinkling feet
Bound to the deep-voiced flute.

How wearily will life—how sad and slow
The drooping hours go by !

Alas—alas—of old they went not so
When those we mourn were nigh !

Oh for the pleasant hours that never more
We now again may know !

Oh for the vanished hours !—shrieks wildly pour,
The fondly loved lie low ;

How through the city's streets the laughing throng,
Through the high tower-crowned gate,

With jest and whispered word and mingling song,
Swept on, unfearing fate !

How in the time of blossoms did we love

Far from her towers to rove,
While bent the cloudless sapphire sky above,
Through field and shadowy grove !
Then fled the winged hours lightning-sandalled by ;
No more, alas, they climb
Hymettus' grassy sides or basking lie
Where haunts the bee the thyme ;
No more their hands the many-tinted flowers
In wreaths sweet-scented weave
To deck their high-arched brows or garland ours ;
Weep ; for the fallen grieve.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Wherefore mourn the dead ?
In glory now they sleep ;
Lulled by ocean's tread,
They slumber by the deep ;
Mourn them not—mourn them not.
Fortunate alone
Are they who happy live ;
Every good they own,
All the Gods can give,

The Gods in wrath may, envious, take and hapless
make their lot.

Only blest are they
Who tread the earth no more ;
Their last their happiest day ;
Their chance of evil o'er ;
Beyond misfortune's utmost reach, in life o'ershadow-
ing all.

But who, oh who as they are blest,
The loved of heaven—the band
Who smiling sank to endless rest
While battling for their land,
Rejoicing 'mid the storm of fight in freedom's cause
to fall ?

Tell me not of life's sweet pleasures,
Thrilling love and maddening wine ;
Who such joys with glory measures ?
Who to change them would repine,
Nor for all after-coming time, life's few short years
resign ?

What is life ? a feverish dream ;
Pleasures ? shadows fleeting by ;
Blest his lot who would not deem,
Grasping deathless fame, to die

And in his country's festal songs to live unendingly ?
Life is short and onward fastly
Speed earth's dwellers t'wards the tomb ;
Lightning feet the hour hath, lastly
Seen before we seek the gloom,
The night that haunts the nether realms and learn our
endless doom.

Life is passing ; death comes leaping
Towards us, beckoned on by fate ;
Why goes up the voice of weeping ?
Swift the end comes, soon or late,
For numbered are our earthly hours nor far their
latest date.

Rejoice—we will not mourn the dead ;
No tears shall dim our eyes ;
Be theirs the fame for which they bled ;
Our choral songs shall rise,
Our voices swell their god-like deeds in triumph to
the skies.

The hurlers of the beamy spear,
The lifters of the shield,
How poured with them red flight and
fear
And slaughter through the field ?

Who with their resistless might
Through the thickest throng of fight
With reeking falchion, storm-like, cleft their gory
crimsoned way ?

What voices thundered out
As theirs, the horrid shout
That smote the warring foe with fear—with terror
'mid the fray ?

When spear on buckler rung
And the pæan from each tongue
Leapt, hurling flight and dread dismay our charging
ranks before,

Who joyed as they, to pour
With the wintry ocean's roar
Upon the fierce embattled foe and plunge amid
the war ?

Sought we the fallen ? there
We surely found them where
Was rent by howls of agony the hell of sounds
in air ;

The short sharp wild death-shriek,
The groan told where to seek
The lowly-laid whose battle-path was trodden by
despair.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The mighty Gods are just,
The power of those who lust
To crush the guiltless and the free, they tumble to the
dust ;

With awe and gladness raise
The hymn of thankful praise
To those who proudest kings confound with fright and
dread amaze.

Ægis-bearer—Zeus—to thee,
Lowly bending thus the knee,
At thy feet we bow ;
Let—oh let our praise and prayer
Not in vain be poured in air,
Thunderer, hear us now.
God of Gods, thee, all who dwell
In the dread abyss of hell
Or ocean's depths obey ;
All the halls of heaven behold
Throned on high in burning gold,
Trembling own thy sway.

Zeus—deliverer—thee before,
Earthward bending, we adore
For all for Hellas done ;
Giver thou of matchless might
In the armour-cleaving fight,
We thank for freedom won.

If the odours that uprise,
Steaming from the sacrifice,
Grateful be to thee,
Grant that all in Hellas born
Life with chains for ever scorn
And bear the future free.

And thou in thine own city's love,
Goddess, shrined all Gods above,
Pallas, to thee the many-voiced hymn
Grateful we raise,
Fond offering of our praise,
Telling how in thy honour the white steer,
Flushed with wreathed blooms, the brightest of
the year,

Shall quivering fall
And the thronged city hold high festival,
With incense burned to thee the white air making
dim.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Tread we yet a blither measure,
Timed to joy, while flute and voice
Fling abroad abounding pleasure,
Bidding earth and heaven rejoice.
See—upon the raptured sight
Bursts a vision of delight ;
Gone are war and war's alarms ;
Rusting are the soldier's arms ;
Laughing valley—jocund hill
Song again and gladness fill ;
Tasked again, the glad earth yields
Plenty to the jocund fields ;
Cot and barn and homestead green
Peeping through their leaves are seen ;
In the vale the anvil rings ;
On the wave the fisher sings ;
Morning hears the horn once more
Fright to bay the foaming boar ;
Through the shadowing olive grove
Evening woos the feet of love ;

Mirth and music fill the air
Home the blushing bride they bear ;
Flowers again the sunshine crowd ;
Orchards with their fruit are bowed ;
Summer smites the clanging brass
Lest her swarming bees should pass ;
Heaped upon the labouring wain
Creaks the harvest home again ;
Drunk with sport and wine and song ;
Roars the vintage rout along ;
Happy hours and happy earth !
All is sunshine—all is mirth,
Mirth and joys that never cease,
All the bliss that dwells with peace.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Back the wild rejoicing strain
Toss we swift in joy again ;
Lo—a vision too I see
Of the glory that shall be ;
List—the sound is in mine ears
Of the sights of coming years ;

Hark, the crowded quarries hum ;
Down, the snowy blocks, they come ;
Saw and chisel din the air ;
Rises slow the temple fair ;
On the lofty rock-hewn base
Step and glistening floor they place ;
Columns white in stately row,
Round about in beauty go ;
Architrave and cornice lie
In their strength in majesty ;
Colours bright as eyes behold
Streak them 'mid their shields of gold ;
Hush thee, song, nor strive to tell
What no mortal hymn may swell,
Beauty unimagined ; thought
Fairer than was ever wrought ;
Forms that only heaven have trod,
Each an earth-created God ;
From the marble's white womb rent,
Throng they frieze and pediment ;
Over all, the mighty roof
Rises, glistening in the sun,
Rises, to the thunder proof,
And the wondrous work is done,

Where for aye, in praise unending,
Is the holy hymn ascending
Unto her—the azure-eyed,
Joy of Zeus—her city's guide.
Nor blind thee yet, O hymn, but with far-seeing eye
The coming glory all descry ;
Mast-thronged port and towered wall ;
Game and gorgeous festival ;
Dionusus' stately rite
In the seated city's sight,
While the laurelled victory
Mightiest bards with contest buy,
And in lofty verse are told
Deeds of heroes—woes of old,
And gods and god-like forms with awe their eyes
behold.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Thine, Hellas, is glory
All glory transcending,
Till earth's brightest story,
Till time have an ending,

Till dim grow the memory of all, lustre lending
The world's mighty being,
Till o'er the past flow
The future, unseeing
The deeds hid below,
The glory of Hellas—the shame of her foe.
And thou of fair lands
That engirdle thee round
The fairest—where stands,
Over all high-renowned,
Ionian Athene—through earth sweeps the sound
Of thy triumphs, high swelling,
Swift-leaping along ;
The nations are telling
Thy glory in song,
And tongues that thou know'st. not thy praises
prolong.
Enshrined in the wonder
Of strangers afar
That broad regions sunder,
Thy mighty deeds are ;
When the gloom of the past shall be round thee, thou
star,

The robe of their fame thou
Shalt wear and the light
That haloes thy name, thou
Shall flash down the night,
Till with awe the earth's dwellers bow down in thy
sight.

A CRY FOR NATIONAL EDUCATION.



Ye perfect flowers ; why not perfect men ?

I ASKED the purple bloom whose velvet round
Orbed the rich sweetness of the o'erripen plum,
Where it the glory of its robing found,
Whence did the treasures of its sweetness come ?
And straight it with reply my questioning met,
“ My primal germ of beauty, mortal, know,
Within the untended sloe did nature set ;
Man's art its rare enrichment did bestow.”

I laid me down in golden summer, where
The velvet pansy wantoned in the sun,
And questioned it from whence the treasures rare
Of its entangling beauty it had won ;
And straight this low reply my questioning met,

“Its germ the cunning of man’s art did find
Hid deep within the wayside violet,
And gave it glory through the might of mind.”

I stood beside the swiftness of the horse,
And questioned whence it drew its unmatched grace,
The windy speed that through the shouting course
Bore off from all the glory of the race ;
Then to my questioning came the like reply,
“ Not vainly hath the might of man’s wit striven
An added grace and swiftness to supply,
That ne’er to me by nature’s self were given.”

I asked the stony marvel of a form
That in its rare perfection distanced life,
“ White wonder, with the charmed power to warm
My soul to worship, how becam’st thou rife ? ”
And the fair shape did answer me the same,
“ My marble flesh the quarried earth bestowed,
But from the sculptor’s dream, life on me came,
And to his shaping hand my beauty’s owed.”

Then from the face of all, did I depart
Into the thoughtful haunts of solitude,

And there companioned by my pulsing heart,
Over their speech in painful thought did brood ;
Then said I, " Shall the might of mortal power
That gives the fruit a sweetness not its own,
Wonder to stone and glory to the flower,
Deny perfection unto man alone ?"

Ah that the human will's all mighty force,
That with an alien gracefulness doth gift
The lower nature of the unreasoning horse,
Would man but to a higher nature lift !
Ah that the shaping care of man would mould
To higher grace the marble of the mind,
That all the charms we hunger to behold
In coming souls, its power would bid us find !

For if through all creation's wondrous round
With searching eyes thy winged spirit ran,
What in its circling journey would be found
More worth man's culture than the mind of man ?
Oh what an unknown glory then would wear
The coming years the future towards us leads,
If man to store the unnurtured mind would care
With the perfection the soul's culture breeds !

Then were the terror of the exiling sword
From the lost Eden banished once again,
Then bliss within creation's heart were cored,
And souls for love no more were made in vain ;
Shall not these golden days to man be brought ?
Towards this goal do not the ages tend ?
Yea, take thou heart ; not idly dreamest thou, thought ;
Culture shall perfect souls too in the end.

THE SEMPSTRESS TO HER MIGNONETTE.

I LOVE that box of mignonette ;
Though worthless in your eyes,
Above your choicest hot-house flowers,
My mignonette I prize ;
Thank heaven, not yet I've learned on that
A money worth to set ;
'Tis priceless as the thoughts it brings,
My box of mignonette.

I know my own sweet mignonette
Is neither strange nor rare ;
Your garden flaunters burn with hues
That it may never wear ;
Yet on your garden's rarest blooms
No eyes were ever set
With more delight than mine on yours,
My box of mignonette.

Why do I prize my mignonette
That lights my window there ?
It adds a pleasure to delight ;
It steals a weight from care ;
What happy daylight dreams it brings !
Can I not half forget
My long, long hours of weary work,
With you, my mignonette !

It tells of May, my mignonette,
And as I see it bloom,
I think the green bright pleasant Spring
Comes freshly through my room ;
Our narrow court is dark and close,
Yet when my eyes you met,
Wide fields lay stretching from my sight,
My box of mignonette.

What talks of it, my mignonette ?
To me it babbles still
Of woodland banks of primroses,
Of heath and breezy hill ;
Through country lanes and daisied fields,
Through paths with morning wet,

Again I trip as when a girl,
Through you, my mignonette.

For this I love my mignonette,
My window garden small,
That country thoughts and scents and sounds
Around me loves to call ;
For this, though low in rich men's thoughts
Your worth and love be set,
I bless you, pleasure of the poor,
My own sweet mignonette.

A WINTER SONG.



CRACKLE and blaze ;

Crackle and blaze ;

There 's snow on the housetops ; there 's ice on the
ways ;

But the keener the season,

The stronger 's the reason

Our ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze ;

So fire—piled fire,

Leap, fire, and shout ;

Be it warmer within

As 'tis colder without,

And as curtains we draw and around the hearth
close,

As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep
snows,

As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays,

We'll say winter's evenings outmatch summer's
days,

And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise ;

So crackle and blaze ;

Crackle and blaze ;

While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Crackle and blaze ;

Crackle and blaze ;

There's ice on the ponds ; there are leaves on the
ways ;

But the barer each tree,

The more reason have we

To joy in the summer that roars in thy blaze ;

So fire, piled fire,

The lustier shout,

The louder the winds shriek

And roar by without,

And as, red through the curtains, go out with thy
light

Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark
night,

Passers-by, hastening on, shall be loud in thy
praise,

And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke
plays,

Within the loud song to thy honour we'll raise ;

So crackle and blaze ;

Crackle and blaze ;

While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

TODDLING MAY.

FIVE pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,
A sinless eye of blue
That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,
That baby dear is you ;
And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
That is priceless every curl,
And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,
Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
That is worn with a tiny pride ;
With a sash of blue, by a little sight
With a baby wonder eyed ;
And a pattering pair of restless shoes,
Whose feet have a tiny fall,

That not for the world's coined wealth we 'd lose,
That Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
That a thought of sleep disdain,
That with shouts of tiny lullabies
Are by'd and by'd in vain ;
A drawer of carts with baby noise,
With strainings and pursed up brow ;
Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,
Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart ; a shuddering dread,
Too deep for a word or tear ;
Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
As the future is hope or fear ;
A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate
We would and yet would not know,
Is she whom we dower with love as great
As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,
Or our days with gladness girds !
Or what is the sound we love to hear

Like the joy of her baby words !
Oh, pleasure our pain and joys our fears
Should be, could the future say,
Away with sorrow—time has no tears
For the eyes of Baby May.

HER JESSAMINE.



PART I.

THERE 's the jessamine she lovèd so ; ah, a curly child
she set it

When this garden porch from which it trails so greenly,
first was made ;

Oh, her joy in its first summers, who that saw it can
forget it,

How she wondered at its white sweet stars and shouted
in its shade !

Oh, that jessamine—that trellised porch—I never look
upon it

But up before me all her little days it seems to bring ;
How, brown and bare, her little hopes still prattled
blossoms on it,

Still looked for leaves in winter and still watched for
buds in spring.

That jessamine—its every spray to her was a green
sister,

For, sisterless, her all of unclaimed love on it was
spent ;

To her its faint sweet odours still were glad fond lips
that kissed her,

Its murmurs, living tongues that whispered back the
love she lent.

That jessamine—oh, how she prized the pleasure of its
training !

No hand but hers, its year's new shoots might to its
trellis bind ;

'Twas a sound to gladden any heart—her laugh to see
it gaining,

May by May, still up the porch's height, along the
roof to wind.

We country folks have fancies, friend, and, to our
simple seeming,

'Twas as though for it her fondness still so more than
natural were,
That across our evening cottage talk, there'd often
float a dreaming
Of a bond beyond the thought of man betwixt that
flower and her.

You smile ; 'tis but a fancy ; true ; but so they lived
together,
That ever with the thought of her, came memory of
the flower,
And yet I doubt, so strongly still the charm is on us,
whether
An eye here, without seeing her, looks on it to this
hour.

Ay, sights are 'neath that jessamine that your eyes are
not seeing ;
Each leaf, but a mere leaf to you, to us is a dear
thought ;
For us, forms move within its shade, to you that have
no being,
And whispers wander to our ears, by yours from it
uncaught.

'Twas there, in that soft golden shade with which
June's sunlights fill it,
That she with Edwin played and laughed through
many a girlish day ;
'Twas there, the girl no longer now, she heard the
flushed air still it
To catch the yes that murmured her young heart to
him away.

And there, when our consent was won, how many a
glad still hour,
How many a white night star above their lingering
partings past,
While, sweeter than the sweetness far of every folded
flower,
Through their low words, murmured up a love through
all their years to last.

Her jessamine—her jessamine—a bride before the
altar
Of our gray old ivied church she stood and yet 'twas
with her there ;
They who heard her low sweet murmurs there the
holy service falter,

Saw a spray of its pure silver stars wreathed in her
soft brown hair.

Her jessamine—her jessamine—years come and go,
estranging

Hands from hands and hearts from hearts, but still her
love for it 's the same ;

Nay, even now a letter scarce can love for love be
changing

Betwixt her new and old homes, but 'tis sweetened
with its name.

PART II.

'Tis but a sprig of jessamine, yet, Ellen, more I
treasure

That withered and discoloured spray, than things the
most I prize ;

'Tis not alone a memory of some young evening's
pleasure,

A whisper of some sweet ball of my girlhood there
that lies.

Ah, Ellen, on those faded leaves your eyes are calmly
falling,
As if no throng of troubled thoughts—no sights were
of them born,
But, seen by me, those blossoms sere, the long-gone
past recalling,
Are deep thoughts in the records of the heart's far
history worn.

I would that here, my own dear child, here with your
mother only,
The page of life before us now, by your eyes should
be read,
So shall that spray of jessamine, when I am gone and
lonely
You walk the world, be as a voice of warning from the
dead.

O summers of my childhood ! days so loved of fancy's
dreaming !
O Mays that basked in sunshine hardly crossed of
lightest shade !
How little to your simple thought, the coming years
were seeming

For griefs unguessed and weeping and for care and
trial made !

O green home of my girlhood ! low your leaves are
rustling o'er me,
As in chequered shades and sunbursts 'neath your
mossed old trees I lie,
While ever some sweet blossom slow comes wavering
down before me,
Floating down from your old orchard boughs before
my half-shut eye.

Your garden—it's before me ; the old casements
looking on it
Through the leafy gold-green sunlight of their thick
o'er-mantling vine ;
Your gables quaint ; your trellised porch ; the jessa-
mine upon it,
To watch and train whose sweet growth was a girlish
love of mine ;

Was a love that strangely gathered strength with
every changing season,

That strangely grew to weave itself at last through
every thought,
Till fancy seemed to know of bonds beyond the gaze
of reason,
In tangling meshes of that strange sweet love, un-
struggling, caught.

Ah, I see myself as then I was, a laughing girl, light-
hearted,
Tossing back a flood of golden curls from off my young
blue eyes,
As with leap and shout and broken song, its tangled
shoots I parted,
Spring's sweet gifts to my sweet jessamine that so
I'd learned to prize.

Ah, I see myself as soon I was, in liliated summers
after,
Still a girl, but numbering other years—a knitter,
while the sun
Poured a mellow slanting splendour through that
odorous porch, and laughter,
Still your father's mocking mine, betrayed our days of
love begun.

O those old remembered evenings ! all their stillness
is around me,
All the odorous purple twilights of those shadowy
nights of June,
When through that green porch's trailing sprays, white-
starred, the sweet hours found me,
Found us, arm-enwreathed together, watching on the
crescent moon.

But other—far, far other thoughts that withered spray
is bringing,
Another face—another voice—a dance of those sweet
years,
Ere yet, a bride, I left the home whose leafy memory's
clinging
To all my thoughts—whose old sweet sounds are ever
in my ears.

How fair a young thing then I was ! long—long has
gone the beauty
That in those happy winters won from all, the ball-
room's gaze ;
Long—long—ah, long has changed the heart that
found the paths of duty

Too narrow for its wayward steps, allured to folly's
ways.

How vain a young thing then I was ! for triumphs
only living ;

Still restless if there reigned not in all eyes, my beauty's
sway ;

Still grudging unto brightest eyes a phrase of flattery's
giving,

Each watching gaze another's from my sweetness
smiled away.

Ah, I hear again those murmured words amid that
dance that fluttered

The pulses of a young heart as the music swelled and
died,

That strove against the true thought of the many a
vow she 'd uttered

Of love for ever unto one—to one and none beside.

And is her partner, dance by dance, he who, than any
other,

Has truest right to claim her hand, his own through
all the ball,

Or smiles she, thoughtless of him, to the whisperings
of another,

Another whom her purity should fitter shun than all ?

Has she not startled from his path ? has she not fled
his gazing,

That, a prophecy of evil, long has crossed her, day by
day ?

And dares she now the dance with him, her eyes,
untrembling, raising

To looks from whose bold insult hers have dropped so
oft away ?

Yes—he was bowed to—noble—of a brow and lip of
beauty

That had fixed the eyes of woman, had he lacked the
pride of birth,

Had he lacked the height of station to which reverence
seemed a duty,

And ancestral wealth that stood him in the place of
honest worth.

And is the love of all her years for his, a moment
slighted ?

The love that with her ripening life to fairest growth
 had grown,
The love so many a summer star had lingered to hear
 plighted,
Forgot for a false passion that were shame and sin
 alone ?

Ay, blush for her, my own pure child ; blush for a
 maiden, daughter,
Who spurned not his base flatteries back with instant
 honest scorn :
Alas for youth's weak vanity ! the triumph's pride had
 caught her,
A titled partner for the night from every rival borne.

And still, as hour chased throbbing hour, sank doubt
 and scruple under
The insult of his homage that was never from her
 side,
Till her young ears grew sullied with his flatteries,
 without wonder
That she stooped to listen to them with a joy she
 scarce would hide.

The dawn is gray, and in her home, before her glass,
unwreathing

The spray of her own jessamine from out her hair, she
stands ;

“ You ’ll come ? ” were they his parting words ? why
stills her startled breathing ?

What sees she in the drooping wreath that trembles
in her hands ?

The past—the past is with her ; with a rush of
recollection

Throng before her all the pure hours those sweet stars
have dreamed above,

All the story of her young heart, dawning into glad
affection,

All my girlhood’s gentle fondness as it blossomed into love.

Self-abased, I faced the vision of the truth that I had
plighted,

Of the trusting love that so had grown to live and
breathe in mine ;

Throbbled my temples with a flushing shame, to own
such truth I ’d slighted

For a homage, O my Edwin ! worthless, buried love, to
thine.

A moment—all the bonds of shame in which that
 night had bound me,
The pure thoughts of my girlhood and its fair flower
 have undone ;
Wrong might not home amid the dreams its sweetness
 summoned round me ;
A moment—my sweet jessamine and truth and love
 had won.

Then wonder not, my gentle girl, that withered spray
 I treasure,
That lifted me the tempting of an erring pride above,
A pride that fain had lured me on with wildering
 lights of pleasure,
Through ways that wandered into shame, afar from
 hope and love.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

IN thy circle, painted flower,
What a world of wonder lies !
Yet men pass thee, hour by hour,
With no marvel in their eyes ;
Dost thou not the beauty know
In thy bright-streaked round that 's dwelling ?
When our tongues thy praises show,
Is no pride thy bright robes swelling ?
Dost thou feel no joy in living,
Wantoning thus in sun and shower ?
Thou canst pleasure still be giving ;
Lies no pleasure in the power ?
Decked in nature's tiring room
By the months, in hues the brightest
Flung from off her magic loom,
Thou the very air delightest,

And the very hours to view thee,
Ere by death thy glory 's blighted,
Ere decay hath crept unto thee,
Did they dare, would pause delighted ;
Ah, that men, with noteless eyes,
Thus to pass thee should have power,
Marvelling not at all that lies
In thy circle, painted flower !

“ERNST IST DAS LEBEN.”

Oh, leave the world,
With irksome bustle and fond follies filled !
Come where its empty shows ye may despise ;
Where the rude clamour of its cries is stilled ;
Where no loud plainings of its woes arise,
But on all life, the heaven of blissful quiet lies ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !
The realm abhorred of drear realities ;
Come steal afar from all its troublous noise ;
Far from mortality's afflicted cries,
Come ye to happiness that never cloy,
Where idless ever dreams and gathers golden joys ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

Why should ye burden life with loathed toil ?
Why spend on toil the summer of your days ?
But empty are the gains for which ye toil ;
Swiftly the glory of your youth decays,
And in your onward path, cold age its winter lays ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

Death laughs in mock of drudgery for gold,
For which ye lose the years that come no more ;
For when for it your flower of life is sold,
A wormy grave he gives for all your store
And flings its hoards to those who never toiled
therefore ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

Wherefore thus cling ye so to carking care ?
But shadows on the light of time are ye,
That for their hour, eternity doth there,
Dimming its disk with antic mummeries see ;
Oh, of what poor account your labours e'er can be !
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

What is the lasting memory of a name
But in eternity, a short-lived hour ?
And the vain glory of the longest fame
Swift comes the hungering future to devour ;
For over all of earth forgetfulness hath power ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

Why in vain strife for others lose your days ?
Evil with life hath ever walked the earth ;
Think ye a barrier against woe to raise ?
Ever to misery shall the years give birth
And strivings for man's good are aye of little worth ;
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

So said the haunting whisper and each word
Upon my thought stole with a murmurous tone,
In whose low sounds was lulling sweetness heard
That lapped the soul in music all its own,
And ever—evermore was its low speech alone,
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

And with the lulling murmur of its sound,
Hunger of dreamy rest upon me stole
And slumbrous longings 'gan to gird me round,
Till of all stirring impulse, slept the whole,
And echoed back my thought—my hardly striving soul,
Oh, leave the world !

Oh, leave the world !

But woke again my soul with sudden start,
And touching thought to life, did counsel take,
And in its native strength itself did heart
From the soft syren's charmèd wiles to break,
And loud her answering back, with cold clear reason
spake,

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Though, as thou sayest, it were passing sweet
Afar from high-strung action to reeline,
Though with soft ease 'twere luxury to retreat
And man's appointed task of work resign ;
Doth sensuous pleasure mount the height of life's
design ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Not for this grew in thee the might of mind,
The power to will and act thy wish and thought ;
In the delights of sense if thou wouldst find
All pleasure, life shall set thy aims at nought,
Till evil thou shalt own, for good thou aye hast
sought ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Though, as thou urgest, waste of life it be
The toys of wealth and power and fame to seize,
Canst thou not, gazing through existence, see
Aims that in their far pitch, earth not with these,
But scale high heaven itself and God himself do please ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Not for delight alone was being given ;
Else life, as thou assertest, were a dream,
And but for seemings all high souls have striven ;
But seize the key of this thy mystery ; deem
Duty above delight and life most real shall seem ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Believe thy mission, not alone with good
The measure of thy days of life to fill ;
To heap for others, be it understood,
Even from thy portion, is thy duty still ;
Through suffering, love thy kind, and rule to love thy
will ;

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Hath it no misery for thy hands to tend ?
Hath it no wretchedness thou canst relieve ?
No down-trod weakness that thou may'st defend ?
No poverty thy bounty to receive ?
No joy with which to joy—no grief with which to
grieve ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Hath it not ignorance that thou may'st unblind ?
Hath it not injuries against which to strive ?
Hath it no slaveries, or of limb or mind,
That from the light of being thou may'st drive ?
Needs Earth no martyrs now, or chains or wrongs to
rive ?

Why leave the world ?

Why leave the world ?

Go forth in the resistless strength of love ;
Forth, conquering and to conquer, victor, go ;
Warrer for right, be thy crest high above
The thick of fight against all wrongs below ;
Falling or victor wreathed, thou near'st God's glory so ;
So leave the world.

So leave the world ;
Doth the flesh its departed empire mourn ?
Mourns it the unquestioned rule it holds no more ?
Know thou self-sacrifice ; of that is born
A calm abiding bliss, all bliss before,
That shall delights more rare than thou resign'st,
restore ;
So leave the world.

So leave the world ;
Straight with the words, all languor fled my frame ;
Champing desires rode tamed beneath my will,
And high resolves upon me crowding came,
Through love, life's lofty purpose to fulfil,
Nor evermore mine ears that low sweet call did fill,
Oh, leave the world !

THE CRY OF THE LAWFUL LANTERNS.

DEDICATED TO CERTAIN OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

A PEOPLE dwelt in darkness,
In gloom and blinding night,
Till some grew tired of candles
And dared to long for light, —
When straight the established lanterns
Were stirred with hate of day;
And loud the lawful rushlights
In wrath were heard to say; —
"Oh, have you not your lanterns,
Your little shining lanterns!
What need have you of sunshine?
What do you want with day?"

Then loud the people murmured;
And vowed it wasn't right
For men who could get daylight,
To grope about in night; —

Why should they lose the gladness,

The pleasant sights of day ?

But still the established lanterns

Continued all to say,

" Oh, have you not your lanterns,

Your nice old glimmering lanterns !

What need have you of sunshine ?

What do you want with day ? "

But people loathed the darkness,

And dared at last to say;

You old established rushlights,

Are good things in your way. —

But are you candles, sunlight ?

You lanterns, are you day ? —

Still loud the lawful lanterns

Did answer make and say; —

" Oh, be content with lanterns,

Your good old-fashioned lanterns !

You really want too much light ;

Don't ask again for day. "

At last the crowd's deep murmur

Grew, gathering to a roar;

And that they would have daylight,

In lanterns' spite, they swore : —

And fear was on all rushlights;

And trembling and dismay ;

" Alas, alas for lanterns ! "

The people heard them say ; —

" Oh, woe—oh, woe for lanterns !

What will become of lanterns !

Alack, they will have sunshine !

Alas, there will be day ! "

And as the tempest thickened,

Aloud they shrieked in fright;

" Oh, once let in the sunshine,

And what will be our light !

We, shining lights in darkness,

Shall nothing be in day ;

Oh, don't admit the sunshine !

Keep out the daylight, pray !

Oh, don't put out your lanterns !

Your own old little lanterns !

Oh, do without the sunshine !

Oh, don't let in the day ! "

The day came in ; but prophets

Do say, 'tis certain, quite, .

That long through coming ages,

Will lanterns hate the light, —

That to our children's children,

In sorrow still they'll say;

" Oh, for the times of darkness,

Ere lanterns passed away !

Why laid they by us lanterns,

Their fine, their good old lanterns !

We 're sure it 's bad, this sunshine, L

This horrid glare of day."

THE SMILE.

'Tis not the marvel of an eye,
The wonder of a brow,
Within whose snares enmeshed I lie,
For ever captive, now ;
Oh, no—no—no—
My heart has learned to know,
'Tis ease, the witchery to defy
That snared me long ago.

I am not captive to a cheek
Or prisoner to a curl ;
My snarers now in vain you seek
In lip, or tooth of pearl ;
Oh, no—no—no—
My heart has learned to know
Of stronger bonds than those, so weak,
That held me long ago.

Say I, her voice would music teach

New spells—that tones as rare

As with all sweetness dower her speech,

Ne'er tranced the charmed air ?

Oh, no—no—no—

My tongue has learned to know

The praise of charms beyond the reach

Of even her voice to show.

No need of witcheries such as these

My fancy to enthrall,

When in her smile my snared heart sees

A lure beyond them all ;

Oh, no—no—no—

To that I 've learned to know,

But weakness was the strength of these
That snared me long ago.

Will beauty, prithee, weigh with love ?

Nay, all its charms give place

To beauty of the heart, above

All charm of outward grace ;

Oh, no—no—no—

What lure can beauty show

As snaring as the tangling love
That laughs her smile below !

FAREWELL!

PARTED, parted, ever parted,—
Said and said the words have been,
Yet I hear them, broken-hearted,
As in wonder what they mean;
To no sense my soul has started
Of the all within them seen.

Parted, parted,—throbbing through me
With a strange, dull, dreamy pain,
As of no real import to me,
Pulse your accents through my brain—
Sound your low, rich, full tones through me,
Never heard in love again.

How you lured me on in dreaming
You were evermore my own,
Is, O fair dissembling seeming!

Well to both our memories known ;
Will, with tears through far years streaming,
Haunt one thought, though one alone.

Still my heart you saw was trembling
With the wealth of love it bore ;
Judged by mine, mine all resembling,
Your's I thought no masquing wore ;
Was like mine, O all dissembling !
Truth through all its inmost core.

Blindly—blindly—all believing,
With an utter faith in you,
Childlike, did I woo deceiving,
Childlike, deem you must be true ;
Could I dream your web was weaving
Round a heart no guile that knew !

Must I calmly, coldly, meet you !
Must no old familiar word,
Rushing through my lips to greet you,
Ever—evermore be heard !
As a very stranger treat you,
Who no pulse of mine has stirred !

Ah, that years, alas ! could sever
Hearts, in seeming, once so true,
So that time could change us ever,
Was a thing I little knew !
Surely dreamed I, change could never
Thrust itself 'twixt me and you.

Would that I could then have known you
As I truly know you now,
Ere my sightless trust, to own you,
Falseness as you are, knew how,
Ere the coming days had shown you,
Thing of change, as you are now !

Vain, I know, is all complaining ;
Words, I know, are useless all,
Though in blood my heart were raining
All the tears that from me fall,
For the love there 's no regaining,
For the peace without recall.

Pride was mine—all pride has left me ;
Lingering love for you, forsworn,
Of the power to hate has reft me,

Reft me of the power to scorn ;
Would that love but pride had left me !
Then with scorn, your scorn I 'd borne.

Heavily the gloom of sorrow
On my thoughts its sadness lays,
Still new hope I yet may borrow,
Bounding life for coming days,
Lightening me with every morrow,
Of the grief that on me weighs.

Yet from doting has it turned me,
This vain bitter dream that 's o'er,
This false, fickle heart that 's spurned me,
Spurned a heart such love that bore ;
Wisdom I at least have earned me,
And I trust no woman more.

THE CAVALIER'S WHISPER.

'Tis a cloudless noon of sultry June,
And pleasant it is to win
The cool thick shade by the chestnut made
In front of the wayside inn ;
And a pleasant sight with his feather of white,
Is the mounted Cavalier
Who stoops for the cup that the maid gives up,
With a word none else can hear.

A moment more, from that shady door
That horseman rides away,
And little, I guess, he thinks—and less,
Of the word he bent to say ;
But many a noon of many a June
Must pass, with many a year,
Ere the maiden who heard that whispered word,
Forgets that Cavalier.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

OUT from cities haste away ;
This is earth's great holiday ;
Who can labour while the hours
In with songs are bringing May,
Through the gaze of buds and flowers,
Through the golden pomp of day !
Haste, oh, haste ;
'Tis sin to waste
In dull work so sweet a time ;
Dance and song
Of right belong
To the hours of Spring's sweet prime ;
Golden beams and shadows brown,
Where the roofs of knotted trees
Fling a pleasant coolness down,
Footing it, the young May sees ;

In their dance, the breezes now
Dimple every pond you pass ;
Shades of leaves from every bough
Leaping, beat the dappled grass ;
Birds are noisy—bees are humming
All because the May's a coming ;
All the tongues of nature shout,
Out from towns—from cities out ;
Out from every busy street ;
Out from every darkened court ;
Through the field-paths, let your feet
Lingering go, in pleasant thought ;
Out through dells the violet's haunting ;
Out where golden rivers run ;
Where the wallflower's gaily flaunting
In the livery of the sun ;
Trip it through the shadows hiding
Down in hollow winding lanes ;
Where through leaves the sunshine gliding,
Deep with gold the woodland stains ;
Where in all her pomp of weeds,
Nature, asking but the thanks
Of our pleasure, richly pranks
Painted heaths and wayside banks,

Smooth-mown lawns and green deep meads ;

Leave the noisy bustling town

For still glade and breezy down ;

Haste away

To meet the May ;

This is earth's great holiday.

SONNET.

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Out have I been this morning—out—away,
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,
Through April gleams and showers—on windy downs,
By rushy meadow-streams with willows grey ;
In thick-leafed woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the windmill crowns
The hills' green height, the landscape that renowns
Thy own green county, have I, as I lay
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,
Tracked through the misty distance. Village greens
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,
Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,
Thanks to the magic of thy breezy book.

SONNET.

TO KEATS.

O NIGHTINGALE, thou wert for golden Junes,
Not for the gusts of March! Oh, not for strife
With wind and tempest was thy Summer life,
Mate of the sultry grasshopper, whose tunes
Of ecstasy leap faint up steaming noons,
Keen in their gladness as the shrilling fife;
With smiles not sighs thy days should have been rife—
With quiet, calm as sleeps 'neath harvest moons;
Thee, nature fashioned like the belted bee,
Roamer of sunshine, fellow of the flowers,
Hiving up honied sweets for man, to see
No touch of tears in all thy radiant hours;
Alas, sweet singer, that thou might'st not live
Sunned in the gladness that thou cam'st to give!

THE WRECKED HOPE. ✓

THERE'S a low soft song in a chamber,
Where sits, in the darkening room,
A young wife, lulling her babe to rest,
Scarce seen in the deepening gloom ;
And her song to her babe is telling
How in hope and in joy she sees
The white sails homeward swelling
To the strain of a favouring breeze,
The good ship bearing its father home
From the far wild Southern seas.

There's a dim drear moon careering
Through the dark grim clouds on high,
And a waste of billows tossing
Beneath the stormy sky,
And a wave-washed form upheaving
At times to the moon's wan gleams,

Around which the wild sea rages
And the grey gull wheels and screams,
And the form is his, of whose safe return
Afar his young wife dreams.



THE PORTRAIT.

YES, there it blooms for ever,
That girlish face, so fair
Upon the breathing canvas,
And yet not only there ;
For, like as is its sweetness,
Far fairer is it wrought,
In all its gentle beauty,
Upon the painter's thought.

Lo, while his pencil drew her,
Within the stately room,
Love took his stand beside him,
Amid its gorgeous gloom ;
And as upon the canvas
Each feature stole to sight,
Love stamped it in the painter's thought
In colours yet more bright.

Nor fleeting were the touches
Of that immortal art,
They bloom in hues unfading,
Though youth and years depart ;
The painter's head is hoary,
Her fair face wrinkles fill,
Yet, bright as when Love drew it,
His thoughts retain it still.

:

AN AUTUMN SONG.

LIME—golden lime !

Bright burst thy greenness forth to April's tearful
wooing,

Thronged of the booming bee in verdurous summer's
prime,

Ah, sere and shrivelling now the miry way 'tis strewing ;
Lime—golden lime !

Lime—golden lime !

What though thy parting leaves, the wailing winds are
calling !

What though to sereness all hath changed thy vernal
prime !

Why should we mourn that fast thy golden splendour's
falling,

Lime—golden lime ?

Lime—golden lime !

Yes—thou in thought shalt come when gloomy gusts
are shrilling .

Along the wan wide snows in winter's hueless time,
The chill and pallid day with Autumn glory filling,

Lime—golden lime.

MARY! MARY! ✓

A LAMENT.

THE grass is long above thy breast ;
The clay is o'er thy head ;
I 'm lying on thy early grave,
Yet cannot think thee dead ;
I cannot think that from my love
Thou art for ever fled,
Mary ! Mary !

Thou hear'st my sobs—the groans, unchecked,
I utter for thy sake ;
Alas ! I dream a weary dream,
From which I cannot break,
A ghastly dream—a fearful dream ;
And shall I never wake ? ✓
Mary ! Mary !

No more ! to hear thy voice no more !

No more thy smile to see !

In groans I 've said it o'er and o'er,

Yet cannot think 'twill be.

How can I think that thou art gone,

For ever gone from me,

Mary ! Mary !

Through life to live without thy love !

To live, and live alone !

Till now, that thou indeed art gone,

It was a thought unknown.

How could I dream of losing thee,

My own—my fond—my own—

Mary ! Mary !

Why art thou taken from my love ?

Oh, Heaven ! what sin is mine,

That thus, in the full flush of life,

Thou shouldst our lives untwine !

That thus, so early, ere her time,

Thou, Heaven ! shouldst make her thine ?

Mary ! Mary !

My name was ever on thy lips
When life was ebbing fast;
The thought of me was with thee, love,
The dearest, and the last.
Oh, tell me, in the dark, cold grave
From thee it hath not past,
Mary! Mary!

Was it for this I left thee, love,
For many a weary year,
In care, to struggle on to wealth,
That but for thee was dear;
In joy, at last, to seek thee, love,
And find thee lying here,
Mary! Mary!

Hear me, thou hope—thou only joy,
Thou one dream of my heart!
Death sunders only to rejoin;
Whate'er, where'er thou art,
Hear thou the voice of my despair,
Not long—not long we part,
Mary! Mary!

ON A MINIATURE OF MY WIFE.

YES—there's the cheek—the placid eye,
The softly shaded hair,
The smile—the lip—yet tell me why
Seems something wanting there?
Ah, needless question! wherefore ask?
How can the pencil trace
The fond affection, the calm love
That sanctifies her face?
Oh, Art is strong from time and death
The outward charm to win,
But vainly does it strive with life
To paint the heart within!

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

TELL me, whirling autumn leaf,
Lend'st thou not new tears to grief?
Thoughtful sermons may not sorrow,
From thy fall, for mortals borrow,
Homilies that tell how near
Life and death are dwelling here?
"Mortal, from our fall shall spring
Newer, fairer blossoming."

WHAT is glory! what is fame!
Though it ring through coming years!
Heed not if the future hears
Far-off races hymn thy name;
Act the right, unheeding whether
Coming tongues thy deeds shall tell;
Act the right, though men together
Bid thy name and curses dwell,

And the future know thee not ;
Trust thou that when thou'rt forgot,
Though thy name be hid in night,
Still thy deeds shall live in light ;
Live, or known, or not, the same ;
What is glory ! what is fame !

PRITHEE, what is life to thee,
Man of marts alone and trade ?
Dost thou think that thou wert made
Only such a drudg to be ?
Dost thou think the might of thought,
High imagination's fire,
Feeling's powers were meant for nought
But to win thy worthless hire ?
Trust me, thee, the truly wise,
Whom thou scornest, may despise ;
May, unsighing, live without
All the winnings of thy drudging ;
Sparing not a wish to grudging
All thou wastest life about ;
Poor, thy very scorn may be,
And yet well look down on thee.

TO A SKYLARK.

QUIVERER up the golden air,
Nested in a golden earth,
Mate of hours when thrushes pair,
Hedges green and blooms have birth,
Up! thou very shout of joy!
Gladness wert thou made to fling
O'er all moods of Earth's annoy;
Up! through morning, soar and sing.

Shade by shade hath gloom decreast;
Westward stars and night have gone;
Up and up the crimsoning east
Slowly mounts the golden dawn;
Up! thy radiant life was given
Rapture over earth to fling;
Morning hushes; hushed is heaven,
Dumb to hear thee soaring sing.

Up ! thy utterance, silence, robs
Of the ecstasies of Earth ;
Dowering sound with all the throbs
Of its madness—of its mirth ;
Tranced lies its golden prime,
Dumb with utter joy ; oh, fling
Listening air the raptured time !
Quivering gladness, soar and sing. ✓

Up ! no white star hath the west ;
All is morning—all is day ;
Earth in trembling light lies blest ;
Heaven is sunshine—up ! away !
Up ! the primrose lights the lane ;
Up ! the boughs with gladness ring ;
Bent are bright-belled flowers again,
Drooped with bees ; oh, soar and sing !

Ah ! at last thou beat'st the sun,
Leaving, low, thy nest of love ;
Higher, higher, quivering one,
Shrill'st thou up and up above ; !

Wheel on wheel, the white day through,
Might I thus with ceaseless wing,
Steep on steep of airy blue
Fling me up and soar and sing !

Spurner of the Earth's annoy,
Might I thus in Heaven be lost !
Like to thee, in gusty joy,
Oh, might I be tempest-tost !
Oh, that the melodious rain
Of thy rapture, I might fling
Down, till Earth should swoon from pain—
Joy—to hear me soaring sing !

Yet, high wisdom by thee taught,
Were thy mighty rapture mine,
While the highest heaven I sought,
Nought of Earth would I resign ;
Lost in circling light above,
Still my love to Earth should fling
All its raptures—still to love,
Caring but to soar and sing.

2 TO A LOCKET.

O CASKET of dear fancies,
O little case of gold,
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold!
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

Oh, prize its silken softness,
Within its amber round
What worlds of sweet rememberings
Will still by us be found!
The shrill first cry, so blessing
The curtained room of pain,
With every since-felt feeling
To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her, lying
In rest soft-pillowed deep,
While, hands the candle shading,
We stole upon her sleep ;
Of many a blessed moment,
Her little rest above,
We hung in marvelling stillness,
In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
For all our shadowed days,
Of all her baby wonderings ;
Of all her little ways ;
Of all her tiny shoutings ;
Of all her starts and fears,
And sudden mirths out-gleaming
Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching,
A hope—a laugh—a fear
Of all her little bringing
But we shall find it here ;

Then tiny golden warder,
Oh, safely ever hold
This glossy silken memory,
This little curl of gold !

SONG.

PRITHEE, what hath snared thee, heart ?
Is it, say, a honied lip,
O'er whose coral bloom thy thought,
Bee-like hovering, hath been caught,
And but loitering there to sip,
From its sweetness could not part ?
Prithee, what hath snared thee, heart ?

What hath caught thee, fancy mine ?
Is it, say, a laughing eye,
The fair heaven of whose blue
Idly thou went'st wandering through,
Till thou, silly butterfly,
Couldst not quit its charmed sunshine ?
What hath caught thee, fancy mine ?

What hath witched thee, sober thought ?
Say, was it a diamond wit,
That as thou wast straying near,
With its spells so took thine ear
That thou couldst not fly from it,
All in strange enchantment caught ?
What hath witched thee, sober thought ?

No, though lip and wit, awhile,
And the glory of an eye,
You, perchance, had captive held ;
Soon their charms you back had spelled,
Soon their witchery learned to fly.
Prisoners to her smile ye be ;
What from that shall set you free ?

EPITAPHS FOR INFANTS.

I.

HERE Spring's tenderest nurslings set,
Windflowers and the violet ;
Here the white-drooped snowdrop frail
And the lily of the vale ;
All of sweetness passing soon,
Withering ere the year be noon ;
For the little restor here,
Like these infants of the year,
Was, oh grief ! as fair as they,
And as quickly fled away.

II.

HERE the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low ;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen ;

And when June's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade ;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away ;
And when Winter's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie ;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth, for ever dear ;
And this grassy heap above,
Sorrow broods and weeping love.

III.

ON this little grassy mound
Never be the darnel found ;
Ne'er be venom'd nettle seen
On this little heap of green ;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbour nigh
This green spot where she must lie ;
So be nought but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

IV.

HERE, in gentle pity, Spring,
Let thy sweetest voices sing ;
Nightingale, be here thy song
Charmed by grief to linger long ;
Here the thrush with longest stay
Pipe its pleasant song to-day,
And the blackbird warble shrill
All its passion, latest still ;
Still the old gray tower above
Her small rest, the swallow love,
And through all June's honied hours,
Booming bees hum in its flowers,
And when comes the eve's cold grey,
Murmuring gnats, unresting play
Weave, while round the beetle's flight
Drones across the shadowing night ;
For the sweetness dreaming here,
Was a gladness to the year,
And the sad months all should bring
Dirges o'er her sleep to sing.

V.

HAUNTER of the opening year,
Ever be the primrose here ;
Whitest daisies deck the spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not ;
Fairest things that earliest fly,
Sweetness blooming but to die ;
For this blossom, o'er whose fall
Sorrow sighs, was fair as all ;
But, alas, as frail as they,
All as quickly fled away.

A LAMENT.

O PRIMAL bloom ! O bursting May !
O radiance of my youth,
That with the passion of thy prime
I served the living truth !
O for the full pulse of thy time,
When, in high purpose strong,
Life poured to battle for the good
And smote to flight the wrong !
O glory gone ! O golden past !
Such life alone was thine ;
It may not sigh its spring-time back,
This withered heart of mine.

Farewell, farewell, thou golden prime,
Thou sunburst of my youth ;
I may not glorify my age
With thy full thirst for truth ;

O radiant time, thou com'st not back
From out the vanished years,
When love on wrong in thunders burst,
And pity flashed in tears !
Alas, thy olden fires, O life,
May not again be thine !
In vain it sighs its spring-time back,
This withered heart of mine.

A LEAF FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

'Tis a pleasant spot of greenness,
Worth a poet's best of praises ;
Well the sunlight loves to linger
In that grassy haunt of daisies.

Well I mind its trembling poplars,
Well the white road that, anigh it,
Winding upward from the landscape,
Led my wandering footsteps by it.

In the grey and stony city,
Oft before me fancy raises,
Soft in golden mists of morning,
Yet again that home of daisies.

Up, its cottage smoke goes curling,
'Gainst the green still elms around it,
Where, across its white-thorn hedges,
Once again my eye has found it.

Up the wood that leafs the hill-side,
Yet again my fancy gazes,
Wanders over all the far view
Stretched beneath that haunt of daisies.

Over pasture, field, and river,
City towers and village spires,
Travels on my eye, delighted,
With a joy that never tires.

But with pleasure, all surpassing,
Smile and jest and kindly phrases,
Do I pass, as on that morning,
By that grassy haunt of daisies.

Leaning o'er the stile, I see her
As she met my passing greeting,
Fresh and flush'd as the hedge-roses
Round the green spot of our meeting.

With a laugh we met and parted ;
Ah ! those few sweet country phrases,
Oh ! how often do I hear them,
Lingering past that haunt of daisies !

TO A GRASSHOPPER.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,
Heard by travellers as they pass,
Leaping from the bladed grass,
Song of June, I love thee still ;
Haunter of the daisied fields,
For the sharp rejoicing tone
Of thy sultry song alone,
And the pleasure that it yields,
Do I love thee not, but still
Firelit curtained rooms thou'rt bringing,
Winter sights and sounds, when shrill
On the hearth the cricket's singing ;
And for this I love thee still,
Song of Summer, keen and shrill.

A WIFE'S SONG.

OH, well I love the Spring,
 When the sweet, sweet hawthorn blows ;
And well I love the Summer,
 And the coming of the rose :
But dearer are the changing leaf,
 And the year upon the wane,
For, oh, they bring the blessed time
 That brings him home again

November may be dreary ;
 December's days may be
As full of gloom to others
 As once they were to me :
But, oh, to hear the tempest
 Beat loud against the pane !
For the roaring wind, and the blessed time
 That brings him home again !

THE DRESS-MAKER'S THRUSH.

Oh, 'tis the brightest morning,
Out in the laughing street,
That ever the round earth flashed into,
The joy of May to meet!
Floods of more gleaming sunshine
Never the eye saw rolled
Over pavement and chimney and cold grey spire
That turns in the light to gold;
And yet as she wearily stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!
What joy in the fields to-day!

What sunbursts are in the woodlands !

What blossoms the orchards throng !

The meadows are snowed with daisy stars,

And the winds are thrilled with song ;

And yet as ever she stitches,

She hears her caged thrush sing,

Oh, would it never were May, green May,

It never were bright, bright Spring !

Close is the court and darkened

On which her bare room looks,

Whose only wealth is its wall's one print,

And its mantel's few old books,

Her spare cold bed in the corner,

Her single worn, worn chair,

And the grate that looks so rusty and dull

As never a fire were there ;

And there as she stitches and stitches,

She hears her caged thrush sing,

Oh, would it never were May, green May,

It never were bright, bright Spring !

Out is the gleaming sunshine,

Out is the golden air,

In, scarce a gleam of the bright May sun
Can dulled and dim reach there ;
In darkness close and foul to be breathed
That blanches her cheek to white,
Her rounded features sharpen and thin,
And dulls her once keen sight ;
And there as she stitches and stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing,
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring !

Days that are clouded and dull,
Winter—though Winter bring
Cold keen frost to her fireless room,
Are dearer to her than Spring ;
For then on her weary sewing
Less often her worst thoughts come
Of the pleasant lanes and the country air
And the field-paths trod by some ;
And so as she wearily stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing,
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring !

TO MY BABY KATE.

A REVERIE.

MARVEL, baby, 'tis to me,
What thy little thoughts can be—
What the meanings small that reach
Hearing in thy mites of speech,
Sayings that no language know
More than coo and cry and crow,
Would-be words that hide away
All that they themselves would say,
Tiny fancies, courting sight,
Masked from all in shrouding night;
Fain its secret I'd beguile
From the mystery of thy smile;
Fain would fathom all that lies
In thy pleasure and surprise,
In the fancies flitting through
Those two eyes of wondering blue,

In thy starts and tiny fears,
Gleams of joy and fleeting tears ;
Ah, in vain I seek to win
Way to the small life within !
Curious thought no clue can find
To that wondrous world thy mind,
That its little sights hath shown
Unto fancy's gaze alone ;
Therefore do I converse hold
Oft with fancy, to unfold
All the marvels of its seeing,
Wordless mysteries of thy being ;
Then of all seen things it tells,
Unto thee high miracles ;
How thy baby fancy lingers
Wondering minutes o'er thy fingers,
Or, still marvelling more and more,
Eyes thy pinked feet o'er and o'er ;
How the world and all things seem
Airy shadows of a dream,
Unsubstantial—forms unreal,
Out to which thy graspings feel,
Wavering stretchings, marvelling much
At the mystery of a touch ;

How with little shout thou 'dst pass
To thy likeness in the glass,
Or thy little talks are told
Unto all thou dost behold ;
Guessed-at griefs and baby joys
Crowded to busy sister's toys,
Or in murmurings low rehearsed
To the kitten for thee nursed.
So, with fancy, do I dream,
Baby mine, until I seem
All the little thoughts to know
All thy little acts below,
Till thought comes and bids me own
That I dream and dream alone ;
Yet one surety lies above
Reason's doubtings—thine is love—
Love abundant, leaping out
In thy lighted look and shout,
In thy joy that sorrow dumbs,
In thy bubbling laugh that comes
Ever still with glad surprise
When thy mother meets thine eyes ;
Love is in thy eager watch
Ever strained her form to catch,

In thy glance that, place to place,
Tracks the gladness of her face,
In thy hush of joy that charms
Cries to stillness in her arms ;
Calms of rapture, blessing—blest—
Rosy nestlings in her breast,
Dreaming eyes for ever raising
Raptured gazes to her gazing,
Gaze so blessed, sure we deem,
Heaven is in thy happy dream ;
So our love would have it be
Ever, little Kate, with thee ;
Treasure, treasures all above,
Ever, baby, thine be love,
Love that doubly mirrored lives
In the smiles it wins and gives,
Love that gives to life its worth,
Lending glory to the Earth.

A THOUGHT.

“God wills but ill,” the doubter said,
“Lo, time doth evil only bear ;
Give me a sign His love to prove—
His vaunted goodness to declare ?”

The poet paused by where a flower,
A simple daisy, starred the sod,
And answered, “Proof of love and power
Behold—behold a smile of God !”

THE SHADOW-HUNTED.

“ Which highest mortal in this inane existence had I not found a shadow-hunter or shadow-hunted.”—SABTOR RESARTUS.

ARTIST, hold yon shapes but shadows,
 Hovering round thy mounting way,
Tempting from thy track forechosen
 On through other paths to stray;
Burns thy young aim, upward climbing,
 High before, a guiding star;
Onward—onward, earnest-hearted;
 Lo, but wildering lights they are.

Lo, the shows of wealth, far glistening,
 Luring pomps, before thee burn;
Filmless eyes are thine, look through them;
 Fairy gold, to dust they turn;

Sensuous ease—world-worshipped station,
To thine eye what seem they, when
With high acts thy future weighs them,
Acts that aye shall fashion men?

Ah, who comes with unbound tresses
Heaping gold on golden day,
Subtle passion in her laughter,
Passion in her soft eyes' play?
Through a light of love she swimmeth,
Zoned with utterless desire,
And the air of her swift coming
Through thy hot veins pulseth fire.

Lo, thou tremblest—quivering through thee
Thrill the arrows of her eyes;
Half, thy pulse forgets its calmness—
Half, resolve within thee dies;
Swift she darkens—ah, thou shield'st thee
In the faith that life was given
Not to work thy senses' bidding,
But through good to toil to Heaven.

Ah, the sun of whose bright presence,
Through the waning of Delight,
From thy Godward path to lure thee,
Riseth gleaming on thy sight?
Upward still on high she turneth
The globed wonder of her eyes,
Lit with fixed desire that burneth
For the life that never dies.

Hark—the throbbing air doth hush it
In delight that swoons to pain,
As come wandering through the silence
Her low accents to thy brain;
Hark—“On man’s eternal wonder
Will I throne thy name sublime;
Lo, the ages bow before thee
As they circle into time.”

“Wilt thou, with the beast that grazeth,
Clasp, content, a common doom,
When the radiance of thy glory
Might the coming years illumine?”

Lo, the starry crown I reach thee ;
Lo, the orb—the sceptre—see,
O'er the world's far memory, empire,
Endless sway, I proffer thee."

Ah, thy keen desire panteth
That low voice's tones to track,
Yet the high resolves of reason
All unerring win thee back ;
Victor o'er thy senses' willing—
O'er the lures of glory—lo,
Clear thy life's path lies before thee ;
On, true worker, Godward go.

SONNET.

TO MARY HOWITT.

So should a life be lived that genius lifts
To higher duties than life asks from all ;
So art in blessed influences should fall
Upon all hearts, using its mighty gifts,
Man's thoughts and common acts to purify ;
Breeding a loftier life and nobler aims,
A faith that liveth not in forms and names
But in the deeds that fit a soul to die ;
And well thy blessed influence may we prize,
Moving about our paths in deeds of love,
In gentle words and household charities ;
Well therefore may our reverence, above
The glare of useless fames, thy memory raise,
Throning thee in our love as high as in our praise.

A VALENTINE.

GENTLE quiet of her eye,
To my asking deign reply ;
By the impassioned day made bold,
Be thy hoarded secret told ;
Or by trusting glance or fall
Of thy fluttering look from mine,
Dower my thought with hopes divine,
Hopes no coldness may recall ;
Sweet betrayer, bid me see
If not in thy depths there be
Love thy coyness keeps from me.

Stained whiteness of her cheek
Quit thy fear and prithee speak,
All to-day should bid thee tell,
All that thou hast hid so well ;
Through the day-dawn of a flush,

Dimpling ripple of a smile,
Oh, let watching love beguile
Thy sweet secret from its hush !
Give me, this sweet day, to know
If, thy rosy calm below,
Love lurk not, thou wilt not show.

Oh, thou music of her speech,
Leave thou meaner things and teach
Listening love the all he'd learn !
Give the enamoured air to burn
With thy sumless burdens ; round,
Words half silence—many a tone
Caught by love's hushed ear alone,
Thoughts that tremble into sound,
Breathe !—Oh, utterance all divine,
Bid me know she would be mine—
That I am her valentine !

A SONG

OF SUNDRY QUAIN'T CONCEITS, WRITTEN IN PENSURST PARK.

BRING, I pray thee, wanton Spring,
Prithee; all thy treasures bring;
Bring me every flower that stains
Grassy mead, or woodland dell;
All that nod in sunlit lanes;
All on wayside banks that dwell;
For I'd choose
Fancies sweet;
Thoughts most meet
Now I'd use;
Such alone her praise should sing;
Such, I prithee, bring me, Spring.

Bring, sweet wanton, bring, I pray,
Songs, the sweetest heard by May;
All the melodies that still
Gush around us everywhere,

Wander with thee where we will,
Haunting earth and filling air.

She is sweet ;
Songs should be
Sweet as she,
Her to greet ;

For the music of my song
Should not do her praises wrong !

Hither, Summer, prithee, bring
All the sunshine thou dost fling
On the great earth everywhere,
Ripening grain and flushing flowers ;
Gilding all the fields of air ;
Making shades and gladness ours ;

Lend its fire
To me, so
I may show
My desire,

My warm love is hotter far
Than the noons of Summer are.

Lend me, binder of the sheaves,
Alchemist that turn'st the leaves

All to mighty stores of gold,
All the voices of thy sorrow,
That thou may'st no more behold,
Dainty Summer ; I would borrow
 Saddest moans ;
 So I'd plain
 Her disdain,
 In such tones
As to pity might her move,
For my sorrow—for my love.

Bring me, sheeted Winter, all
That makes men, thee, ruthless call ;
All that stays the streamlet's flow ;
All that mocks the snows of May ;
All that hardens earth below ;
All that turns to night, sweet day ;
 All things bare,
 All things bleak,
 Best may speak
 Love's despair ;
Pranks her, Spring, for me in vain,
Wintered in her cold disdain.

LOVE IN THE NORTH.

—♦—
A Ball-room—ENGLAND.

DOES she love me ? listen ;
As I come through the door,
Mark how her eyes will glisten,
Dull the moment before ;
Glance on glance she 's darted ;
Ever the door they 've sought ;
Never till now she started ;
Never my eye she caught ;
Love may mask and pride it
None its presence can guess ;
Ah, what mask can hide it !
Does she love me ? yes.

Does she love me ? glancing,
Look how her eye glides round ;
Ah, the spot where I 'm dancing,
Point of her search, is found ;

Turn I quickly, and turning,
Surely her gaze I meet ;
Sinks her hot cheek burning ; -
Drops her glance to her feet ;
Love is dumb ? who say it ?
Would you his sweet thought guess ?
Wordless, he 'll betray it ;
Does she love me ? yes.

Yes, though she scorn to love me,
Ay, though her haughty will
Others would rank above me,
Yes, she loves me still ;
Pride would strive with passion ;
Nurture would nature tame ;
Hearts are not made by fashion ;
Love, it is more than name.
Hope, I hear her singing,
Time the gladdener bless,
Years all radiance bringing,
Yes, she loves thee ; yes.

THE WISH.

My boy—my boy—what would I have
Thy future lot should be,
Were that sweet fay, so kind of old,
To leave the choice with me ;
Were she to say, “ My fairy power
To grant all blessings, use ;
Give what thou wilt to this young life,
And what thou wilt, refuse.”

Her diamond wand, my little one,
Above thee, would I raise ;
“ Be health,” I’d say, “ be beauty thine,
My boy, through all thy days ;
The perfect powers that give thee strength
Thy work in time to do ;
The perfect form that shows the soul’s
Own beauty shining through.

“ Be plenty thine, that, wealthy, thou
 May'st independent live ;
That, rich, to thee it may be given
 Abundantly to give ;
That heaven, through means of that thou hast,
 To thee may be made sure ;
In life—in death, that thou may'st have
 The blessings of the poor.

“ Be thine a warm and open heart ;
 Be thine unnumbered friends ;
A life held precious while it lasts
 And wept for when it ends ;
And, heaven on earth, be thine a home
 Where children round thee grow ;
Where one with all thy mother's love,
 Makes blest thy days below.

“ Harold, be thine that better life
 That higher still aspires,
Supreme in sovereign sway above
 The senses' low desires ;
And thine the fame that, told of, men
 Of holy deeds shall hear,

A glory unto good men's thoughts
And lowly memories dear.

“ Walk thou a poet among men,
A prophet sent of God,
That hallowed grow the common ways
Of earth which thou hast trod ;
That truth in thy eternal words
Sit throned in might sublime,
And love and mercy from thy tongue
For ever preach to time.

“ All human wishes most desire,
All last they would resign,
All fondest love can long to give,
My little one, be thine ;
The purest good that man can know
To thee, my boy, be given,
And be thy every act on earth
A deed to win thee heaven.” ✓

THE PRAYERS. ✓

A DREAM.

A SOUND of supplication
Went trembling up the air ;
Up to the Giver of all good
Arose the sound of prayer ;
“ Grant me a sense for all delight,
No pleasure, Lord, can cloy ;
Through youth—through age—from birth to
death,
Oh, give me to enjoy.”

Again I heard a murmur low
Of prayer ascend on high ;
Again soft supplicating tones
Went trembling up the sky ;

“ Wisdom above all earthly good,
Oh, Lord, on me bestow ;
Thou who art thought and fate and love,
Oh, give me, Lord, to know.”

And yet again with humblest tones
The throbbing air was stirred ;
Again the low deep voice of prayer,
Ascending heaven was heard ;
“ Grant me, O thou that grantest all,
All blessings else above,
A heart to feel with all that breathe ;
Oh, give me, Lord, to love.”

Then silence was in earth and heaven,
And in the stillness, stole,
With awe and mighty dread, a voice
Upon my trembling soul ;
“ Which choosest thou ?” then said I, “ Lord,
If one thou giv’st to choose,
Bliss, wisdom, Lord, deny, but love
Oh, do not thou refuse.”

“ Well hast thou chosen.” Yet again
In fear upon me came ;
“ Oh, wisest they in all the earth,
Whose choice in time ’s the same ;
Lo, choosing one, thou choosest all,
For, mortal, know thou, love
Is highest wisdom, and its joy
Is joy, all joy above.”

SONNET.

TO LEIGH HUNT.

"SPRING flowers—spring flowers"—all April's in the
cry ;

Not the dim April of the dull grey street,

But she of showers and sunbursts whom we meet

On dewy fieldpaths, ere the daisy's dry,

And breezy hillsides when the morning's high.

"Spring flowers—spring flowers,"—the very cry is
sweet

With violets and the airs that stay the feet

The showery fragrance of the sweetbriar nigh ;

Yet all and more than in that cry is found,

Rises before us with thy pleasant name,

LEIGH HUNT ; with the dear gladness of the sound,

Into my close room, all the country came ;

Deep lanes and meadow-streams rose with the word,

And through the hush of woods, the cuckoo's call I
heard.

SONNET.

TO LEIGH HUNT.

How sumless is the debt to him we owe,
Little, perchance, unto ourselves is known ;
Little, perchance, how thickly he hath sown
Our paths through time with pleasantness, we know ;
His genial nature hath not pulsed below
The loving teachings of his works alone ;
A thousand deeds of good in others, own
His thoughts and words their angel prompters ; so,
Unrecognised, before our very eyes
His gentleness in that of others lives,
And many a kindly look and tone we prize,
And many a smile that to our firesides gives
The charm the most endearing them, have caught
Their power to bless us, from his gentle thought.

THANK HEAVEN, I'M STILL A BOY!



THEY smile at me ; they laughing say,

When will you be a man ?

The parting year leaves you the boy

You were when it began ;

And I, in love with the disgrace,

Their smiles and jests enjoy,

And thank kind Heaven that, old in years,

In heart I'm still a boy.

What is it, this they'd have me win,

This gain from which I start ?

A keener calculating head—

Ah loss !—a colder heart ;

Well manhood's sense or boyhood's warmth,

But one if I enjoy,

Leave, leave the heart and keep the head,

I still will be a boy.

ALCÆUS TO SAPPHO.

What could be more interesting than the relation between Alcæus and Sappho—the poet with the poetess?

It is evident that poetry was not a mere pastime or exercise of skill to Alcæus, but a means of pouring out the inmost feelings of his soul.—That which characterised the Æolic Lyric Poetry was its expression of vehement passion.

K. O. MULLER's *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*. CHAP. xlii.

OH, were she mine! oh, were she mine!

I would not envy kings;

I would not ask another joy

That time, existence, brings;

Thou maddening dream! I thrill—I burn,

Drunk with a bliss divine;

Oh, what an utter blank were all,

All else, were she but mine!

Out, dusty thoughts; out, aims that gray

The pulsing life of youth;

Fools—fools—to fling the years away

In doting search for truth;

A clinging lip—a dewy eye—

A palm that throbs to thine,

These—these are love; these—these are life;

Oh, were she—were she mine!

FOR MUSIC.

I.

PRITHEE, let the song go round
Till the air be drunk with sound ;
Swelling—sinking—like the ocean,
Let its waves come circling round,
Wakening into blest emotion
Every feeling in us found ;
Thoughts of ill fly far its sound ;
Prithee, let the song go round.

II.

MIRTH is wisdom ; sorrow 's folly ;
Say sad sighers what they will :
Here we mock dull melancholy ;
Laughter here is never still ;
Here, no wearing cares come nigh us ;
Sadness here no sighs can bring ;
Ask you here why ill thoughts fly us ?
Here we ever, ever, sing.

III.

SING ; in circling eddies, come,
Pour the floods of song around us ;
As though dreamless slumber bound us,
Care and sorrow shall be dumb :
Every thought of ill shall fly us ;
All sweet thoughts sweet sounds shall bring ;
Love and mirth alone be nigh us ;
Sing, I pray you—prithee, sing.

IV.

SING on ; sing on ; around me bringing
Thoughts and feelings absent long ;
To the witchery of your singing,
Round me once again they throng.
Places old of childhood's knowing,
While you sing, I tread again ;
Words that bitter tears set flowing,
Wander back without their pain ;
Griefs, again I look upon,
Welcome come ; sing on ; sing on.

A SPRING SONG.

SWALLOW, swallow, hither wing ;
Hither, swallow, bringing spring ;
From the lake hath gone the teal ;
Fled the widgeon from the stream ;
Now no more our bursting woods
Hear the swooping merlin's scream ;
Come, thou dawn of summer, come,
Hither leaves and shadows bringing,
Bladed furrows—nested caves,
Sweetest songs the South is singing ;
Bringing violets, bringing spring,
Hither, swallow, hither wing.

Swallow, swallow, hither wing,
Dearest playmate of the spring ;
Come,—the celandine no more
Dreads the gusty wrath of March ;

Golden tasselled is the birch ;
Emerald fringes hath the larch ;
Come, thou news of summer, come,
Trills and hedge-row twitterings bringing,
Quivering mountings of the lark,
Shrillest songs the ousel 's singing ;
Snowing orchards, flight of spring,
Hither, swallow, hither wing.

THE REPLY.

OH, look not in thy mirror, sweet,
For, if thou, love, but see
The glory of thy beauty, love,
Wilt thou not turn from me ?
Wilt thou not proudly spurn me off
And keep those charms of thine
For a wealthier state—a prouder birth,
A lordlier name than mine ?

I'll look into my mirror, love,
I'll look in hope to see
A face as sweet—a form as fair
As may be worthy thee ;
I'll woo my shining mirror, love,
To show me charms are mine
That shall not be scorned acceptance
By that true, true heart of thine.

LINES.

WRITTEN IN MISS MITFORD'S GARDEN.

O GLORIES of the emerald spring,
Be here your first unfolding !
Your sweetest sights, O, hither bring,
Ye months, for her beholding !
Round—hither, round her dwelling throng,
Her honoured steps attending ;
So shall ye bloom in tale and song,
In beauty never-ending.

O, songs of the rejoicing year,
Bring hither all your gladness !
Well may ye make her mirth more gay ;
Well may ye sooth her sadness ;
For when your pleasant joy no more
Shall set the copses ringing,
Sweet voices, still in tale and song,
Shall ye be ever singing.

A DIRGE.

HENCE afar, fond mirth, mad folly ;
Here dwells only melancholy ;
Hence are banished smiles and gladness ;
Here we sit us down with sadness ;
Here we converse hold of death,
Pale decay and parting breath ;
Here will each to each recall
Mouldering graves, the end of all,
Shrouds and knells, the common doom,
Worms, the coffin and the tomb ;
Hence afar, fond mirth, mad folly ;
Here dwells ever melancholy.

SONG.

SOFT eyes of blue ! sweet eyes of blue !
They haunt me morn and night ;
Whate'er I do, they thrill me through ;
They 're ever in my sight ;
It was not so a May ago ;
Uncaged my fancy flew ;
Ah, quiet thought ! by love uncaught,
And those sweet eyes of blue.

Adieu—adieu—my books, on you
I never more may pore ;
From every page those fair eyes gaze ;
I read—I read no more ;
No—sweetest tongue hath never sung
Aught I may now dream through ;
My thought they trance with haunting
glance,
Those gentle eyes of blue.

O love ! O change ! how cold and strange

To all old thoughts I 've grown !

Hope 's learned to prize those soft fair eyes,

Those mild sweet eyes alone ;

' Tis so—' tis so ; all—all, they go,

The hopes I used to woo ;

My haunted thought can harbour nought

Save those fair eyes of blue.

A VILLAGE TALE.

THE rooks are cawing in the elms,
As on the very day,
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away ;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain ;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again !

The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same ;
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came ;
It seems as if to me *she* made
The sweetness of the year ;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.

A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood ; and she came running back,
To say good-bye once more ;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss,
The last fond words you said ;
Ah ! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead !

How all comes back—the happy times,
Before our father died,
When, blessed with him, we knew no want,
Scarce knew a wish denied ;
His loss, and all our struggles on,
And that worst dread, to know,
From home, too poor to shelter all,
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself !
How often do I think,
How wrong I was to shrink from that
From which she did not shrink !

And when I wish that I had gone,
And know the wish is vain,
And say, she might have lived, I think,
How can I smile again !

I dread to be alone, for then,
Before my swimming eyes,
Her parting face, her waving hand,
Distinct before me rise ;
Slow rolls the waggon down the road ;
I watch it disappear ;
Her last " dear sister," faint " good-bye,"
Still lingering in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived,
It would not have been thus ;
Or, if God still had taken her,
She would have died with us ;
She would have had kind looks, fond words,
Around her dying bed,
Our hands to press her dying hands,
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought,
Poor girl ! as day on day went by,
And neither of us, brought ;
Of how she must have yearned, one face,
That was not strange, to see ;
Have longed one moment to have set
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream ;
I think that she is laid
Beside our own old village church,
Where we so often played ;
And I can sit upon her grave,
And with her we shall lie,
Afar from where the city's noise,
And thronging feet go by.

Nay, mother, mother, weep not so ;
God judges for the best ;
And from a world of pain and woe,
He took her to his rest ;

Why should we wish her back again ?

Oh, freed from sin and care,

Let us the rather pray God's love,

Ere long to join her there.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.

WHAT is glory ! what is fame !
Homer's being now we doubt ;
Souls as great hath time shut out
From the memory of a name.
Say what matters it to thee,
Mortal, that thy name goes down,
Though the coming years should be
Echoes of thy far renown ?
Care not thou for glory then ;
Act thy part, or known or not,
That when even thy name's forgot
Still thy acts may live in men ;
Live in act and not in name. ✓
What is glory ! what is fame !

HATE brings hate as love brings love.
Ponder, mortals, ponder this,
Nor, through passion, blindly miss
Happiness, all else above ;
Hard it is the best to greet
With love, meeting no returning ;
But with kindly love to meet
Hate that all affection's spurning,
Is all hard things else above.
Hate brings hate as love brings love.

SOUL, what would'st thou ? toilless leisure ?
Ease untroubled ? endless pleasure ?
Wouldst thou not, I prithee, then
Throne thee in the praise of men ?
Nay, to what still dost thou, higher,
Mounting soul of mine, aspire ?
Thine what wouldst thou rather call ?
Power, through work, to better all.

PRITHEE, what's thy boast of birth ?
Pride of folly ; wisdom 's mirth ;
That from which the wise may borrow
Smiles in care and jests in sorrow ;
For our mocking is it meant,
Boaster, this thy long descent ?
I and all from Adam came ;
Prithee, didst thou not the same ?

SONNET.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE PERFORMANCE OF ION.

YES, I have sat before it ; I have heard.
Heard with the plaudits of delightful tears,
The heart's real praises of sweet hopes and fears,
Life give a breathing utterance to each word,
Each phrase that in the hush of thought has stirred
My pulse so often ; still to fancy's ears
Wander low tones, in which again it hears
The gentle thoughts that have so oft recurred ;
Oh, dream of sorrow, ever be thy name,
Ion, a tender glory unto him
Who gave thy sweetness to the world's charmed ears,
Gave thee, a thought to haunt the tongue of fame,
A sad sweet memory human eyes to dim,
A gentle moan of music wed to tears.

O WEARY THOUGHTS BE STILL!

O WEARY, weary thoughts be still!

O life! why should life be
A thing for only vain regrets
And bitterness to me!
For, love to give or to withhold,
Is all our power above;
O fate, why did we ever meet,
Why ever did we love!
If love were sin, to sin or not
Was all beyond our will;
Alas, why should my life be grief!
O weary thoughts be still!

A hard, hard lot I know is mine,
Of work and want and scorn,
And yet with what a gladness all
With him I could have borne!
With him, what fate had I not shared,
Content, that life had given!

With him, with what of pain and want
Had I not tearless striven !
Oh, why should love, so blessing some,
My days with misery fill !
Alas, why should I long to die !
O weary thoughts be still !

Who say, not all the wealth of earth
Can happiness impart ?
Alas, how little do they know
How want can break a heart !
How want has stood 'twixt sundered lives,
Lives parted through the shame,
That station, wedding poverty,
Had linked unto its name ;
O God, what different life were mine,
If it had been thy will
My lot with his had equal been !
O weary thoughts be still !

Another with his love is blessed ;
I am another's now ;
Between us yawns for evermore
A double holy vow ;

But years must deeper changes bring
Than change of state or name,
Ere, early love and thoughts forgot,
Our hearts are not the same ;
Alas, the feelings of the past
Our lives must ever fill !
Oh, would, oh, would I could forget !
O weary thoughts be still !

I know, I know, to think of him
As once I thought, is sin ;
But all in vain I strive, my mind
From its old thoughts to win ;
His treasured words, his low fond tones,
My eyes with tears will dim ;
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Will fill themselves with him ;
And what we were, and what we are,
Comes back, do all I will ;
Alas, why did I ever live !
O weary thoughts be still !

There's love within my husband's looks
That I with joy should see ;

Alas, it brings another face

That once looked love on me!

And tears will even dim my gaze

Upon my baby's face,

As not a look I see it wear

That there I'd thought to trace;

Oh, why should thus the joys of life

With grief mine only fill!

Alas, why did I ever live!

O weary thoughts be still!

O men! O men! God never willed

That lives, that nature meant

To bless each other's days, by you

Asunder should be rent;

A deadly sin he surely holds

The worldly thoughts that part,

For chance of birth or chance of wealth,

A heart from any heart;

World! world! thou crossest God, his earth

With broken hearts to fill;

Alas, how blest might ours have been!

O weary thoughts be still!

A MAY-DAY SONG.

COME out, come from cities ;
For once your drudging stay ;
With work 'twere thousand pities
To wrong this honoured day ;
Your fathers met the May
With laughter, dance and tabor ;
Come, be as wise as they ;
Come, steal to-day from labour.

Is this the proof we 're wiser
Than all who 've gone before,
That Nature, less we prize her
Than those who lived of yore ?
Their May-day sacrifice
Shall we not hold a duty,
And pay with hearts and eyes
Due honour to her beauty ?

Talk not of want of leisure ;
Believe me, life was made
For laughter, mirth and pleasure,
Far more than toil and trade ;
And little short I hold
That social state from madness,
For daily bread where 's sold
Man's natural right to gladness.

Then out from lane and alley,
From court and busy street,
Through glade and grassy valley,
With songs the May to meet ;
For, jests and laughter, care
From all things could but borrow ;
The earth, the very air
Are death to thoughts of sorrow.

Come, hear the silver prattle
Of brooks that babbling run
Through pastures green, where cattle
Lie happy in the sun ;

Where violets' hidden eyes
Are watching May's sweet coming,
And gnats and burnished flies
Its welcome loud are humming.

In song the spring comes welling
To-day from out the grass ;
And not a hedge but 's telling
Earth's gladness as you pass ;
Far up the bright blue sky
The quivering lark is singing ;
The thrush in copses nigh
Shouts out the joy it 's bringing.

Then leave your weary moiling,
Your desks and shops to-day ;
'Tis sin to waste in toiling
This jubilee of May.
Come, stretch you where the light
Through golden limes is streaming,
And spend, O rare delight !
An hour in summer dreaming.

AN AUTUMN CONCEIT IN GREENWICH
PARK.

SAD wind, why moan
The sere leaf's fall!
Goes it alone,
Or with all nobler things, alas! but shares the fate
of all!
Sad sobber through September,
Perchance thou dost remember
The bursting of that rustling leaf in April's tearful
time,
With what a gladness first
Its downy cell it burst,
And gazed on all the sweet Spring sees when near its
leafy prime;

With what a glad surprise
 It oped its infant eyes,
 And first, with mingled joy and awe, peered out on all
 around ;
 From all that met its sight
 Took ever new delight,
 Dumb wonder from each common sight—dumb wonder
 from each sound ;
 Sad sigher through the sky,
 Perchance, too, thou wert nigh,
 What time its quiet rest it took amongst the light of
 June ;
 Oft saw'st it slumbering, where,
 Soft couched on golden air,
 Out-tired with play and merriment, it nestled 'mid the
 noon ;
 Or when thy gentle song
 Was heard the boughs along,
 How from its dreaming noontide rest, you saw it
 quivering break ;
 Saw to thy singing, how
 Upon the brown-barked bough,
 With many a mate in glossy green, the dance and song
 't would wake ;

Yet thou forgettest not
Perchance, sad wailer, what
Unuttered loveliness was its, when summer skies
were blue ;
In what a dazzling green
Its veined form was seen,
When sparkling through the morning air, bejewelled
all with dew ;
How in the suns of June,
It glistened through the noon,
While footing it upon the boughs to thy low
melody,
While wanderers through the wood,
Checking their footsteps, stood,
And seldom without pleasant note could pass its
beauty by.
Thy wings were winnowing there
The pallid autumn air,
What time with darkening days, alas ! the Summer's
self grew old ;
Thou saw'st its green that made
The forest lovely, fade,
Yet deepen into gorgeous hues that shamed the
sunshine's gold ;

How, even in decay,
 Did beauty lingering stay
 About the aged form, so well it loved to deck when
 young !

Thou saw'st it still below
 A golden glory throw
 The shadowed trunks, the mossy roots, and tangled
 weeds among.

Perchance too, day by day,
 Thou saw'st it wear away,
 Fast shrivelling in the early frosts, and withering to
 its grave ;

Perchance, if thou couldst tell,
 Within thy sight it fell,
 Whilst thou couldst only moan and sob, all impotent
 to save.

It may be, now there throng
 Thy memory along,
 Sad thoughts of all its spring's sweet youth, of all its
 summer's time ;

Well may'st thou for its fall
 Now wail, remembering all
 The beauty of its first young days, the glory of its
 prime !

And yet why moan
The sere leaf's fall!
Goes it alone,
Or with all nobler things, alas! but shares the fate
of all!

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Oh, don't go in to-night, John !
Now, husband, don't go in !
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There 's not a loaf at home, John ;
There 's not a coal, you know ;
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow :
Then don't go in to-night !

Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John ;

No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you :
Then don't go in to-night !

You will not go ! John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
Or cheek as red as you ;
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your once firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You 'll not go in to-night !

You 'll not go in ? think on the day
That made me, John, your wife ;
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life !
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room :
Then don't go in to-night !

To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought !
You won't go in to-night !

And will you go ? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay ;
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day ;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.
You will not spend the shilling, John ?
You 'll give it him ? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night !

CHORUSES FROM AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY
ON THE FALL OF MESSE니아.

CHORUS OF ACHÆAN SLAVES.

Epode 1.

O SHAME! O fear and pain! ye make life weary,
A burden hard to bear;
The way of death at times seems not more dreary
Than ours through dark despair.
What is our lot? Toil; toil that knows no ceasing;
Toil wrung by those we hate;
Our conquerors' heaped-up stores of wealth increasing,
Our hands upbuild their state.

Strophe 1.

Fair land unto our chainless fathers giving
The wealth they freely gave
To every stranger, who in thee are living?
The Dorian and the slave.

The mighty race that, in old days departed,
 Gave kings to thee alone,
 For strangers till thy vallies, broken-hearted,
 Thy fields no more their own.

Antistrophe 1.

Clear broad Pamissus ! still, with many a winding,
 Through vale, by vine-clad hill,
 Go, wandering on, thy sunny waters, finding
 All green and lovely still ;
 Still on thy banks the bright wild-flowers are growing ;
 They gaze from out thy waves ;
 But now the grassy banks that watch thee flowing,
 Give back the tread of slaves.

Epode 2.

And thou, strong-walled Andania ! heaven-founded,
 Our heroes' dwelling-place,
 No more within thee, as of old, surrounded
 By glory, rule our race.
 Within thy stony halls, at ease reclining,
 Their feast the strangers hold ;

For them our maidens' hands are garlands twining,
 The wreaths we wore of old ;
 Our old ancestral goblets, high o'erbubbling
 With wine we may not taste,
 For them they crown, while thoughts, old thoughts
 are doubling
 Their shame, with trembling haste.

Strophe 2.

Our race no more the brazen helm are clasping ;
 The shield no more they raise ;
 No more their hands the freeman's sword are
 grasping,
 As once, in bygone days.
 No ; we whose sires, the slaughtered foeman spoiling,
 Away the rich arms tore,
 Or hew the wood or at the cornmill toiling,
 Of glory dream no more.

Antistrophe 2.

O life ! O load too heavy for our bearing !
 We fain would lay thee by :

Alas ! alas ! bereft of hope—despairing,
 At times 'twere sweet to die !
 And why then live ? The hope of vengeance, swelling
 Within us, lights our lot :
 Oh ! might our tongues but of their woes be telling,
 Our own were then forgot.

CHORUS OF ACHÆAN SLAVES.

Epode 1.

Many a kingly hall hath heard,
 Poured in many a burning word,
 Our deeds in other days ;
 Many a bounding choir hath sung,
 While the golden lyre hath rung,
 Achaia's heroes' praise.

Strophe 1.

Who like them for glory burned ?
 Ease inglorious from them spurned,
 Or joyed, with deep-mouthed hound
 And woodland spear, at break of dawn,

To rouse with jocund shout the morn,
 While echo laughed around?
 Bounding on, Taygetus, who
 Fleetlier thy untrodden dew
 With flying footsteps beat?
 Woody glen and rocky height
 Saw outstripped the stag's hot flight
 By their pursuing feet.

Antistrophe 1.

Vainly fled the panting hare;
 Vainly, glaring in his lair,
 At bay the gaunt wolf stood
 Whetted tusk and foamy jaw,
 Naught availed the bristly boar,
 The monster of the wood.
 Rushed they on, unknowing fear;
 Needed their devouring spear
 No second thrust to deal;
 On the mountain's shaggy side,
 Red, of old, Achaia dyed
 In blood the beaming steel.

Epode 2.

Hurler of the thunder, thou,
 Zeus, to whom the nations bow,
 Whom trembling gods obey;
 Thou dost all our triumphs know,
 Won ere yet our race lay low,
 Our glory past away.
 Where the groves of Altis rise,
 Oft our fathers won the prize
 That life, in worth exceeds;
 Oft assembled Hellas there
 Saw, from all, our heroes tear
 The meed of mightiest deeds.

Strophe 2.

Where Alpheus winding flows,
 Whelmed beneath their crashing blows,
 The cæstus-wielders fell;
 Over hallowed Pisa's plain
 Strove the swift of foot in vain
 Our heroes' hopes to quell;
 Oft the pride of Hellas hung
 O'er the rushing car and flung

Unheeded vows in air,
 Toiling towards the goal, behind,
 While, before, our steeds of wind
 The victory gathered there.

Antistrophe 2.

Many a brawny wrestler there
 Poured in vain to heaven the prayer
 To foil our might of yore ;
 Writhing in our strangling clasp,
 Hurlled from out our deadly grasp,
 They fell to strive no more.
 Oft the spear by others thrown
 Sought, while, quivering, found alone
 The prize the one we hurlled ;
 Oft the ponderous iron, flung
 O'er thy plain, Olympia, sung
 From us the farthest whirled.

Epode 3.

Many a mighty bard hath told
 How, when through the battle rolled

The thunder of their shout,
 God-sprung heroes, smote with dread,
 Trembling stood, or, turning, led
 The pale and shrieking rout.
 Battling from the whirling car,
 Burst they through the ranks of war ;
 Who durst their onset stay ?
 Sank the iron wall of shields ;
 Fled the dread of fighting fields
 Before their onward way.

Strophe 3.

Gods, they cleft the stormy fight ;
 Backwards rolled the battle ; flight
 The herald of their path.
 On, where danced their sable plume,
 In their brazen bucklers' gloom,
 Marched devouring wrath.
 There the howl of slaughter rang ;
 There, of falling arms the clang,
 Achaia's vengeance told ;
 Glory there with foot of wind
 Tracked by heaps of slain, behind,
 Our battle-path of old.

Antistrophe 3.

Nought might helm or shield avail,
Nought the strength of iron mail,
 When fled their thirsting spear;
Death the quivering javelin strode;
Fell the chief who battling rode;
 Fell the charioteer.
Graspers of the golden hilt,
Who like them the keen sword gilt
 In darkly rushing gore?
Vaunted arms of proof were vain;
Prone through helm and bone and brain
 Its way their blue steel tore.

THE LIME BEFORE MY WINDOW.

PLEASANT is its sight to me ;
Pleasant will it ever be ;
Often shall I long to see
That lime before my window.

Green it rustles in my thought ;
Ah, what memories has it brought !
Pictures fair that rose unsought !
That lime before my window.

Waking in the morns of spring,
First does memory love to bring
Leaves that rustle, birds that sing,
That lime before my window.

As I pass adown the stair,
Greeting me with welcome rare,
Stands its greenness, radiant there,
That lime before my window.

And when slumbrous noons are come,
Only summer sound not dumb,
Well I love thy murmuring hum,
Thou lime before my window.

Freshly steals the elm to sight ;
Bright the chestnut opes to light ;
Thine is greenness yet more bright,
Thou lime before my window.

Flame the woodlands, dim and cold ;
Glorious are they, nor behold
Glory brighter than thy gold,
Thou lime before my window.

Keen with frosts are earth and air ;
Leafless art thou standing there ;
And art thou to me less fair,
Thou lime before my window ?

No, unto an inner eye,
All thy beauty that could die,
All thy glory still is nigh,
Thou lime before my window.

Hue, and leaf, decay, consume,
Yet, triumphant o'er thy doom,
Sunlit there, I see thee bloom,
Thou lime before my window.

In a moment, even now,
Verdurous Springs thy branches bow ;
Autumns burn on every bough,
Thou lime before my window.

Ah, might every year of mine
Some sweet store of beauty shrine
In the thoughts of men, like thine,
Thou lime before my window !

TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will ;
For thy song with summer's filled ;
Filled with sunshine ; filled with June ;
Fire-light echo of that, noon
Hears in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May ;
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,—
Bees and birds and flowers away,
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill !

CHILD, PURSUE THY BUTTERFLY !

CHILD, pursue thy butterfly,
Hot of foot and keen of eye,
But to learn, poor fool, when caught,
It, so wildly, hotly sought,
Was but all unworth thy thought,
All unworth a smile or sigh ;
Child, pursue thy butterfly !

Thou, the hunter of a name,
Chaser of the flight of fame,
On, Ixion-like, above,
Mount, to clasp but cloud, and prove
Thou art but the cheat of Jove,
Mock and laughter of the sky ;
Child, pursue thy butterfly !

Midas, thou that in the strife
But for riches, wastest life,
Win thy wish, and winning, learn
All that thou hast toiled to earn,
Is what wisdom well may spurn,
Bought with all thou winn'st it by ;
Child, pursue thy butterfly !

Bee, that knowest but the power,
Sweets to suck from every hour ;
Thou, whose wasted days have known
Pleasures of the sense alone,
On, amid thy joys to own,
Won, they waken but the sigh ;
Child, pursue thy butterfly !

Shadow-hunter, too, art thou,
Who to good, thy toil dost vow ?
No ; the golden gleams that woo
Thy swift hopes, O soul ! pursue ;
Won or not, thou track'st the true ;
Ever to thine heaven more nigh ;
Thine no fleeting butterfly !

SONG.

PRITHEE, tell me where love dwells ?
'Neath a forehead, whiter far
Than the whitest lilies are ;
'Neath a drooping lash of silk,
Blacker far than carven jet,
Drooping from a lid of milk,
Veined deep with violet ;
Find me these, and each one tells
Where the wildering urchin dwells.

Yet still ask you where he 's dwelling ?
Where a brow is, purer than
The white bosom of the swan ;
Rounded with a night more rare
Than was ever hung on high,
Sleeping round in braided hair,
Brooding o'er a raven eye,
O'er an eye, all eyes excelling ;
Find me these, and there he 's dwelling.

If one steal upon him there,
Tell me, tell me, shall I seize
Love, the troubler of mine ease?
Questioner, nay, I say not so,
And his will I read aright ;
There his presence ne'er thou 'lt know ;
Never there he 'll glad thy sight ;
For but yesternight he sware
Only I should find him there.

WON AND LOST.

A GLIMPSE OF FEUDALISM.

IN his bannered hall sits Sir Guy de Ford,
Bearded and grim, at the festal board,
 With baron and lady gay ;
And *his* health he gives, who with lance and sword,
The lands and the hand of Maud, his ward,
 Has won in the lists to-day.

IN his lonely tent, deep-gashed and pale,
Gory his helm and cleft his mail,
 And glazing his knightly eyes,
Lies he who, couching his lance for the love
Of her who is shrieking his wounds above,
 Lost life and the tourney's prize.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE plunge of standards, reeling to and fro,
Barks winter-tost upon a howling sea—
Rome's bucklers' conquering glare, I, battling, see,
Her swoop of death upon the warring foe ;
The thrust, the grapple, and the yell below
The gloom of dust ; cries, now that on, now flee ;
Fierce trumpets blaring aye tempestuously,
That thunder to the stormy battle blow ;
And now the rushing roar of flight I hear,
Loading with awe the pulses of the wind ;
Before—the shriek of death—the yell of fear ;
The slaughtering shout of victory behind.
O wondrous art ! so giving one to look
On Rome's fierce life ! O marvel of a book !

THE SONG OF DEATH.

TIME said to Pride,
Robe thee in rich array ;
Fair Lowliness deride
That walks beside thy way ;
But ever grim Death kept singing,
Awful and low its tone,
Wisest are they who, born in time,
Yet live not for time alone.

Earth spake to Lust,
Bar not, O Lust, thy will ;
Delights full rare hath sense ;
Of all take thou thy fill ;
But ever grim Death kept singing,
Piercing and calm its tone,
Wisest are they, the sons of time,
Who live not for time alone.

Known be thy name,
Vanity heard Life say,
Breathe thou the breath of fame
That shall not pass away ;
But ever grim Death kept singing,
Solemn and clear its tone,
Wisest are they who, toiling in time,
Yet toil not for time alone.

SONG.

Pass, falling rose !

Not now the glory of the spring is round thee ;
Not now the air of summer round thee blows ;
Pallid and chill, the autumn's mists have found thee ;
Pass, falling rose !

Pass, falling rose !

Where are the songs that wooed thy glad unfolding ?
Only the south the wood-dove's soft wail knows ;
Far southern eaves the swallow's nest are holding ;
Pass, falling rose !

Pass, falling rose !

Linger the blooms, to birth thy glory wooing ?
Linger the hues that lured thee to unclothe ?
Long, long, their leaves the dark earth have been
strewing ;
Pass, falling rose !

TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

W^{AN} brightener of the fading year,
 Chrysanthemum,
Rough teller of the winter near,
 Chrysanthemum ;
Grey low-hung skies and woodlands sere,
Wet leaf-strewn ways with thee appear,
Yet well I love to see thee here,
 Chrysanthemum,
Yes, well I love to see thee here,
 Chrysanthemum.

Thou comest when the rose is dead,
 Chrysanthemum ;
When pink and lily both have fled,
 Chrysanthemum.

When hollyhocks droop low the head,
And dahlias litter path and bed,
Thou bloomest bright in all their stead,
 Chrysanthemum ;
And back recall'st their beauty fled,
 Chrysanthemum.

O loved not for thy sake alone,
 Chrysanthemum ;
Not for a beauty all thine own,
 Chrysanthemum ;
For fair blooms to the spring-time known,
For bright hues to the summer shown,
For memories dear of flowerets flown,
 Chrysanthemum,
I love thee, blossomer alone,
 Chrysanthemum.

LILIAN'S EPITAPH.

THOU hast been and thou hast fled,
 Rose, sweet rose ;
Budded, flushed, and, ah ! art dead,
 Rose, sweet rose ;
Yet oblivion may not kill
Dreams of thee, our thoughts that fill,
And for us thou 'rt blooming still,
 Rose, sweet rose.

Breathing rose, nor might'st thou stay,
 Rose, sweet rose ;
Thou too, woe ! hast passed away,
 Rose, sweet rose ;
Yet though death had heart to sever
Life and thee, thou 'rt from us never ;
No, in thought thou 'rt with us ever,
 Rose, sweet rose.

SONG.

Not with the empty homage of an eye,
Not with a flattering tongue's low-breathed deceit,
Not with a false fair smile, O love, do I
The sunless bounty of thy passion meet ;
The wingèd life of every moment sees
Falsehood come masked like truth in shows like these.

But with a love that all it inly feels,
Even from the hidden questioning of thine eye,
Prisoned within its secret heart conceals,
Where none but trusting faith its truth can spy,
Or if a sudden sigh its tale hath told,
'Twas what the passionate heart no more could hold.

Then ask not, lady, that in vaunting show

My passion's truth should live before thine eye ;
Let it content thee that thou well dost know

How cored within my heart thy love doth lie ;
An acted love let others, lady, boast,
The love that 's wordless, trust me, speaks the most.

SONG.

COME sing ; come sing ;
For what is the thing
That gladdens the heart like song !
Leave sighs and sorrow
And tears for the morrow,
And may they be strangers long !
True, some may say,
Wine makes us as gay,
But, trust me, friends, they 're wrong ;
To nothing has Earth,
I swear, given birth
That gladdens the heart like song.

SONNET.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

O WONDROUS cycle of material might !
Lo, man hath spoken, and the listening hours
Harken the clang and clash of mighty powers
Ministering to life. Forth from primeval night,
Lo, mortal thought hath summoned into sight
Speed, whose hot breath space shrivels and devours;
Speed, at whose iron feet, time crouching cowers.
Life, served by nature, thrones it in the light
And shouts exultant. Nor hath the charmed soul
Less potent servitors ; hark ! loftiest thought,
White love, that in its circle rounds the whole
Of perfect wisdom, whose rapt tongues have caught
The very airs that hush high heaven, are near.
Lo, the age stills it Tennyson to hear.

DEATH'S LESSON.

WANING—waning—ever waning,
Life's full glory pales away ;
Fast the youth there 's no regaining,
Darkens down in swift decay ;
Hopes—despairing—smiles and sorrows
Wander past without recal ;
Days but rise to bring their morrows ;
Blossoms flush them but to fall ;
All life's prizing, death still borrows ;
Shrouds and graves are waiting all.

Preaching—preaching—ever preaching,
Change and death and swift decay
Still mortality are teaching
How existence ebbs away ;

Life be thou not therefore deeming
But a thing for moans and sighs :
Be thou sure its deed 's redeeming
Every moment as it flies,
So shall that, scarce living seeming,
Breathe a life that never dies.

TO FIELD-PATHS.

PATHS of the fields,
O pleasant paths that stray
Through the deep wind-trod pastures of the Spring,
Through all the glory and the blossoming
That Summer yields,
Companioned of the golden buttercup,
Up heaven's far cloud-flecked sapphire gazing—up,
Piercing to heights that see the skylark sing,
From the world's weariness—from hope's decay,
Lead me, oh, lead me, pleasant paths away,
Paths of the fields!

Who knows not hours,
Hours when life longs to cease
Its endless questioning of the mystery
Of sorrow! when the eternal ill we see
All hope o'erpowers!

Oh, in such hours of darkness and of fear,
In joy and quietude, oh, be ye near,
Near in deep tranquillity and gladness be ;
'Through nature's placid calm—through sweet release
From doubt—from tears, oh, lead me, paths of peace,
Paths of the fields !

SPRING SONGS.

I.

Now do tawny bees along,
Plundering sweets from blossoms, hum ;
Now do showers of joyous song
Down from larks up-mounting, come ;
Every-thing
Now doth sing,
Welcome gladness, welcome Spring.

Now above and all around
Songs are thronging earth and air ;
Joy is loud in every sound,
Every sound is mocking care.
Every-thing
Now doth sing,
Welcome gladness, welcome Spring.

Now is every hawthorn bough
 Burdened with its wealth of May ;
 Glistening runs each streamlet now,
 Gamboling through the golden day.
 Fount and spring,
 Hark ! they sing,
 Welcome sunshine, welcome Spring.

Now do golden lizards lie,
 Sunning them on wayside banks ;
 Now with flowers of many a dye
 Spring the woods and meadows pranks.
 What say they ?
 This they say,
 Welcome gladness, welcome May.

Now do those, in joy that walk
 Shadowed wood and chequered lane,
 Stay their steps and hush their talk,
 Till the cuckoo call again ;
 Till anew,
 Hush—cuckoo,
 Hark ! it comes the wood-depths through.

Now the woods are starred with eyes ;
Now their weeds and mosses through,
Peep the white anemonies,
Daisies pied and violets blue.
Flowers, they spring,
Birds, they sing,
All to swell the pomp of Spring.

Now in poets' songs 'tis told
How, in vales of Arcady,
Once men knew an age of gold,
Once the earth seemed heaven to be ;
Hark ! they sing,
Years, ye bring
Golden times again with Spring.

II.

Now the fields are full of flowers ;
Now in every country lane,
Making mirth and gladness ours,
Wild-flowers nod and blush again ;
Now they stain
Heath and lane,
Longed-for lost ones come again.

Now the mower, on his scythe
 Leaning, wipes his furrowed brow,
Many a song the milkmaid blithe
 Carols through the morning now ;
 Clear and strong
 Goes her song
With the clanking pail along.

Blithely lusty Roger now
 Through the furrows plods along,
Singing to the creaking plough
 Many a quaint old country song ;
 Morning rings,
 As he sings,
With the praise of other Springs.

Children now in every school
 Wish away the weary hours ;
Doubly now they feel the rule
 Barring them from buds and flowers ;
 How they shout,
 Bounding out,
Lanes and fields to race about.

Now with shrill and wondering shout,
As some new-found prize they pull,
Prattlers range the fields about,
Till their laps with flowers are full ;
Seated round
On the ground,
Now they sort the wonders found.

Now do those in cities pent,
Labouring life away, confess,
Spite of all, that life was meant
One to be with happiness ;
Hark ! they sing,
Pleasant Spring
Joy to all was meant to bring.

Poets now in sunshine dream ;
Now their eyes such visions see
That the golden ages seem
Times that yet again might be.
Hark ! they sing,
Years shall bring
Golden ages—endless Spring.

A VALENTINE.

PRITHEE, said I, heart of mine,
Who shall be my valentine ?
And my heart it made reply,
With a start and with a sigh,
For the matter care not I ;
Nay, in sooth, the choice be thine,
Who shall be thy valentine.

Nay, thy secret, prithee, tell ;
Trust me, heart, I know it well ;
By thy current's quick retreat,
Breathless pause and fluttering beat,
By the flushes quick to meet
Her sweet coming, know I well
All and more than thou canst tell.

Said I, silly heart, reveal
What thou canst no more conceal;
And my heart, that found no use
Further 'twas to urge excuse,
Gave its curbèd passion loose;
Emma, would that thou wert mine,
Mine—for aye my valentine!

GOD IS LOVE.

METHOUGHT I saw a prattling child
That on beside its father walked,
And awe was on its lifted face,
And of a loving God they talked.

And "God will love me?" said the child;
And then the father's voice I heard,
"On yon blue heavens his promise read,
In yon sweet flower behold his word."

SONNET.

"It is painful to be obliged to state that Motherwell's grave cannot be discovered without the assistance of a guide, not being marked by even a headstone."—M'CONECHY'S *Memoir of Motherwell*.

A MEMORY writ in tide-swept sands ; a name
Graven on running waters, was the doom
That, from the dusky portals of the tomb,
Thou sawest, Motherwell, await thy fame ;
And who thy dark imaginings dare blame ?
Upon thy nameless grave the wild-flowers bloom ;
Nature, the resting-place of him by whom,
Unto the city where he dwelt, there came
A glory and a sanctity, alone
Hath decked with beauty. Oh, to Glasgow shame,
That to her poet hath not given a stone,
Graving her proudest honour in her claim
To him whose memory hath a life sublime,
Enlinked unto the sweetest tears of time.

THE FORSAKEN.

It's there that she loves to sit,
By the cool sea-breezes fanned,
With her babe, 'neath the bending palms
That shadow that island strand.

Her dusky brow has a calm
Too deep for a face so young ;
And too wildly, sadly sweet
Are the songs to her infant sung.

And there through the weary day,
She keeps from that lonely shore
Her watch o'er the distant sea,
For a sail that will come no more.

THE CRY OF THE DOUBTER.

I WOULD believe ; O God ! have I not striven,
 Wrestling doubt down !—is it not known to thee
With what a grief from out my soul was driven
 The faith love taught me at my mother's knee !
Oh, that my soul might yet again receive
 Its childhood's calm !—Lord ! that I might believe !

O Lord ! from out this wilderness of doubt
 That the worn spirit wandering might find way,
Some track thou wilt, through which it might be
 brought
With trusting steps, into thy perfect day,
In whose clear radiance it all calmly still
 Assured might walk, working in peace thy will !

Lord! Lord! upon the mystery that lies
A darkness upon life, my soul hath pored,
Waiting a day that comes not ; to its eyes,
Lights by which others walk, no help afford,
Tried and found wanting, though the struggling will
Fain would believe their darkness radiance still.

ANGEL VOICES.

Forward! fear not, wildered mortal ;
On thy night shall rise a day ;
To assurance, doubt's the portal ;
Lies, through doubt, to faith the way ;
He who dreads to doubt, unblinded,
Faith for him in fear shall end :
Seek thou boldly, single-minded ;
God, his light, thy steps shall lend ;
Work is worship ; work for others ;
Toil in love and doubt shall cease :
On, for good, for men, thy brothers ;
Self-abjurement brings thee peace.

DEATH NOT LOVE.

ADA, say 'twas but a dream!
Wandering, lo, with sudden awe,
One, like Love, methought I saw,
Angling in life's fleeting stream;
Straight my question answer brought
What his wily labour sought;
“For a true heart do I throw
Treacherous snare the wave below;
And, a fair false face my bait,
Guileful eye and false sweet breath,
Here my mortal prey await,
Ruthless wait, for I am Death.”

STILL GOD TALKS TO MAN.

I HEAR Him from the forest's green,
From the swift light of stars above ;
From all the unnumbered forms of time
His word is loud of power and love.

Yea, unto all with open ears
By whom the circling earth is trod,
The Eternal talketh as of old,
And all things are the tongues of God.

WHAT'S WITHIN THIS GLASS OF MINE?

WHAT'S within this glass of mine?
Radiant thoughts and fancies fine,
Dreams that make the hours divine,
Wine, bright wine.

Drink; within its bubbling gold
Lie delights no tongue hath told;
Far oblivion of all sorrow;
Rest from care and rest from pain;
Joy that knows not of a morrow;
Youth that makes thee young again.
Wit and love, the height of bliss,
Wouldst thou these to-night be thine?
Grasp the life of gods in this,
This, the sunshine that the vine
Stored, to flash through nights of mine
Summer's glow and summer's shine,
That I breathe a life divine,
Life ethereal—life all thine,
Wine, bright wine.

HENCE, FELL WINE !

HENCE, fell wine !

Off, thou duller of the brain,
Tracked by every racking pain,
After whom the hellish throng
Of all miseries troop along ;

Hence, fell wine !

Wearer of the snaky vine,
Bacchus, all miscalled divine,
Hot for madness, brawl and wrong,
Not to chaplet locks of thine,
This, the garland of my song
Of fresh buds of fancies wrought,
Blossoms new of measured thought,
Slow by reason nurtured long,
Not for thee, this song of mine,
Dionusus, will I twine ;

Hence, fell wine !

Come, bright health !

Thou of sober temperance born,
Mate of mortals all unworn
By the frenzies of excess,
Thou who rudest lots dost bless ;

Come, bright health !

Come with eyes of dazzling light
That the bumpers, that the night
Swift and swifter circles round,
Ne'er have dulled ; whose flashing sight
Wine hath not in dimness bound ;
Come with cheeks upon whose red
Pale excess hath never fed,
Thought no draughts have made unsound,
Form that keeps its stately height,
Tread of temperance, firm and light ;
Come, bright health !

SONG.

Oh, grant me, Heaven, a quiet room
Where I, 'mid books, may lose
All thought of all that others seek !
All else my days refuse !
So prayed I once ; but, Heaven, no more
Such prayer I now prefer :
Cold thought I leave to poorer souls ;
I only live for her.

I said, ere ripened into man,
Oh, more than all, I prize
A form to fix the gaze of all
Of beauty's myriad eyes ;
Now, would I that my face or form
One other pulse should stir ?
No—what care I for others now ?
I only live for her.

At times I've panted to be rich ;
At others sighed for power ;
A name I've chased, to mock at time,
Through many a studious hour ;
But, wiser grown, nor power nor wealth
Nor fame one wish can stir ;
What are they all ? I love ; I love ;
I only live for her.

For her, for her alone I live ;
Without her, what were earth !
What were this game of shadows, life ?
A nothing, nothing worth ;
Adieu, fond hopes that moved me once ;
Ye are not what ye were ;
Awaked by love I dream no more ;
I only live for her.

THE SICK MAN'S PRAYER.

COME, soft sleep !

Bid thy balm my hot eyes meet ;
Of the long night's heavy stillness,
Of the loud clock's ceaseless beat,
Of the weary thought of illness,
Of the chamber's airless heat,
Steep me in oblivion deep,
That my weary, weary brain,
May have rest from out its pain ;
Come, O blessedness, again !

Come, soft sleep !

Come, soft sleep !

Let this weary tossing end ;
Bid my anguished watch know ceasing ;
Yet no dreams thy steps attend,
When thou bring'st from pain releasing.
Fancies wild, to rest may lend

Sense of waking misery deep ;
Calm as death, oh, on me sink,
That my brain but quiet drink,
And I neither know nor think.
Come, soft sleep !

SONG.



I LOVE no more ! I love no more !
The reason would you have me tell ?
Of all love told as treasures o'er,
Cold judgment's learned the worth too well ;
No after time the young year's dream,
My waking fancy can restore ;
White winter scorns what green spring prized ;
I love no more ! I love no more !

You ask me if the tangling charms
That snared me once are charms no more ;
No—still the same, there lives no grace
Thine, lady, does not queen it o'er ;
Lip—cheek—the lustre of thine eyes,
All wear the every charm they wore ;
My thought alone a change has known ;
I love no more ! I love no more !

Ay, in a breath the reason's told ;
Mere form young love may snare awhile ;
But love, to hold, needs stronger charms
Than face or form—than glance or smile ;
A thought all meekness—temper mild,
A speech no sting that ever bore,
These are the heart's abiding chains ;
I love no more ! I love no more !

THE RECONCILIATION.

Your hand, your hand ; friend, friend, not so,
Believe me, that we'll part ;
A moment's difference blots not out
Long records of the heart ;
The friendship of a score of years
A moment's heat shall stand ;
A true heart's easier lost than won ;
Old friend, your hand, your hand !

Ay, like yourself, a throbbing heart
Within a warm true clasp ;
I knew you never could put back
Your old friend's offered grasp.
That pride has sturdier root than ours,
That 'twixt us two shall stand,
That long shall thrust us heart from heart,
Or friendly hand from hand !

SONG.

A TINTED cheek—the flash of eyes
That others far outshine,—
Lips arched to girlhood's very dream,
These, lady, are not mine ;
If but with unmatched grace in these,—
Your love alone can live,
Farewell to happy hopes and you ;
I've but a heart to give.

A haughty blood whose founts were kings,—
A name to history known,—
Broad lands—ancestral halls, of these
Not one I call my own ;
If girt with shadows such as these,
Your love alone can live,
Alas, farewell to hope and you ;
I've but a heart to give.

A mind that in its strife with mind
Has worthiest homage won,—
A life whose hopes, to change no more,
Have cored them into one,—
A passionate thirst of love for love,
True as with life can live,
If such content you, these are mine,
All these my heart can give.

Hold not my passion's offerings poor ;
Trust me, a true heart's worth,
Ay, more than all the tinsel shows
That dazzle the dull Earth ;
A life's love—higher gift than mine
Can proffer none that live,
Though rich alone in sunless love,
I've but a heart to give.

NO WAR! NO WAR!

No war! no war! what matter ye, ye nations?

What, are the old mad words upon your tongues once
more?

Oh, let the ghastly past, whose years were desolations,
Shriek peace into your souls, for which ye groaned of
yore!

So shall your cry go up, as when with lamentations,
And moans and prostrate prayers, ye shrieked, no war!
no war!

Peace! peace! oh, peace! oh, sum ye up the treasures
The warless years heap up—the blessed years increase;
Knowledge—rights for all; for all, new hopes, new pleasures;

Hark! the far years whisper, woe from earth shall cease;
Golden times to man a bloodless future measures;
Tearless spin the laughing earth; peace! peace! oh,
peace!

SONG.

ALONG beneath laburnum blooms
Again may sing the stream ;
Again the vine may laugh in leaves,
Grey skies be but a dream ;
But the heart too has its winter ;
And what again may bring
To the pulse that waxes cold and slow
The bounding life of spring ?

Again may gardens paint the earth,
All radiance, scents and hues ;
Again through golden mornings, swarm
To purple skies, the dews ;
But life too has its winter,
And what, the heart, may bring
Again the fire—the golden dreams,
The glory of its spring !

SONG.

No—no—my love is no rose
That only in sunshine buds and grows,
And but to blue skies will its blooms uncloze,
That withers away
In an autumn day,
And dies in a dream of drifting snows ;
No—no—my love is no rose.

No—no—my love is no rose ;
My love is the holly that ever is green
Whether breezes are balmy or blasts are keen,
The same that is still
In days sullen and chill
As when snowed with blossoms the orchards are seen ;
No—no—my love is no rose.

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

OUR heads are grey, but not our hearts,
Though, friend, we two have seen
The woods of threescore winters
Put on the summer's green.
Though, year by year, by age we 've watched
Form after form unstrung ;
And wrinkles gather, day by day,
On foreheads once so young ;
Yet though from face and form, old friend,
All grace and strength depart,
Thank Heaven ! in laugh we yet are boys,
We still are young in heart !

The bounding step of youth, 'tis true,
Our old tread knows no more ;
And bowed and tottering are our forms,
Like very pines of yore ;

And age the old strength's wasted long,
That lived in every limb ;
And cooled the pulse along our veins,
And made our old eyes dim ;
But, friend, the lapse of years no chill
Across our mirth has flung ;
Thank Heaven ! in laugh we yet are boys,
In heart we still are young.

A SONG OF HOPE.

LONG has been the winter ;
 Long, long, in vain
We 've sought the bud upon the bough,
 The primrose in the lane ;
Long have skies been dull and grey ;
 Nipping 's been the blast ;
But sing, Summer 's coming ;
 The bee 's out at last ;
Sing, Winter 's flying ;
 Summer 's coming fast ;
Humming joy and spring-time,
 The bee 's out at last.

Loud shouts the cuckoo ;
 The nested elm round,
Wheels the rook, cawing ;
 There are shadows on the ground ;

Warm comes the breeze and soft ;
Freezing days are past ;
Sing, Summer 's coming ;
The bee 's out at last ;
Sing, Winter 's flying ;
Summer 's coming fast ;
Humming hope and spring-time,
The bee 's out at last.

THE VAIN DREAM.

THE scholar, he sits in his lonely room
In the heart of the noisy town,
But little he marks its bustle and din
As he pens his quick thoughts down ;
He flings him back and he lives the time
When, at last to the people known,
His book shall make, with its toil of years,
A home and a name his own.

The scholar, he lies in his lonely room,
On the bare cold floor he lies,
With the horror upon his upturned face
With which the self-slain dies ;
On the table his work, refused, returned,
Completed, yet known to none ;
And where are the fame and the laughing home
That the scholar in hope had won !

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A TOWN SKETCH.

A LITTLE back from out the street,
As if in truth it shunned your sight,
Untenanted, it silent stands,
A gloom amid the cheerful light ;
The ragged grass-plots in its front
With unchecked weeds are tangled o'er,
And on the green and mossy path
The frog leaps up before the door ;
Uncleansed it stands, befouled and dimmed
By summer's dusts, and winter's rains ;
The weather-stains of countless years
Thick on its darkening window-panes ;
The very knocker on its door
Would waken up a ghastly sound,
And with a strange mysterious awe,
Would startle out the dwellers round ;

It looks as if a sound of life

Within its walls had ne'er been heard,
As if no moving human thing

Its prisoned air had ever stirred ;
Amid the noisy bustle round,

Its daylight hush, so grim and still,
With something of a nameless dread

Has power the passer-by to fill ;
And if you ask why thus it stands,

Unsought by life from year to year,
A scarce-remembered tale of blood,

Of midnight murder foul you hear ;
Men tell of grey-haired sleepers waked

To strive and shriek for life in vain,
Of flying forms, and clinging hands,

Of shattered skull, and spattered brain ;
So, even in the light of day,

The grim house by, in awe, men walk,
And by the winter fireside shun

To name it in their evening talk ;
And years must pass, and man must strive

To call that tale to mind in vain,
Ere hand unclose, or foot shall dare
To tread that haunted house again.

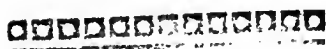
THE HOMEWARD WATCH.

THE sailor the deck is pacing,
And he hums a rough old song,
Bearing north from its southern whaling
As the good ship drives along ;
And his thoughts with hope are swelling,
For his watch it well may cheer,
To know that at last he speeds to her
He has left for many a year.

And she—in the darkened chamber,
Where day is turned to night,
By the candle dimly lighted,
She lies in her shroud of white ;
Closed eye, and cold, cold cheek,
The slumber of death sleeps she,
Of meeting with whom he 's dreaming
In his homeward watch at sea.

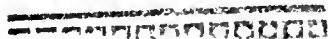
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